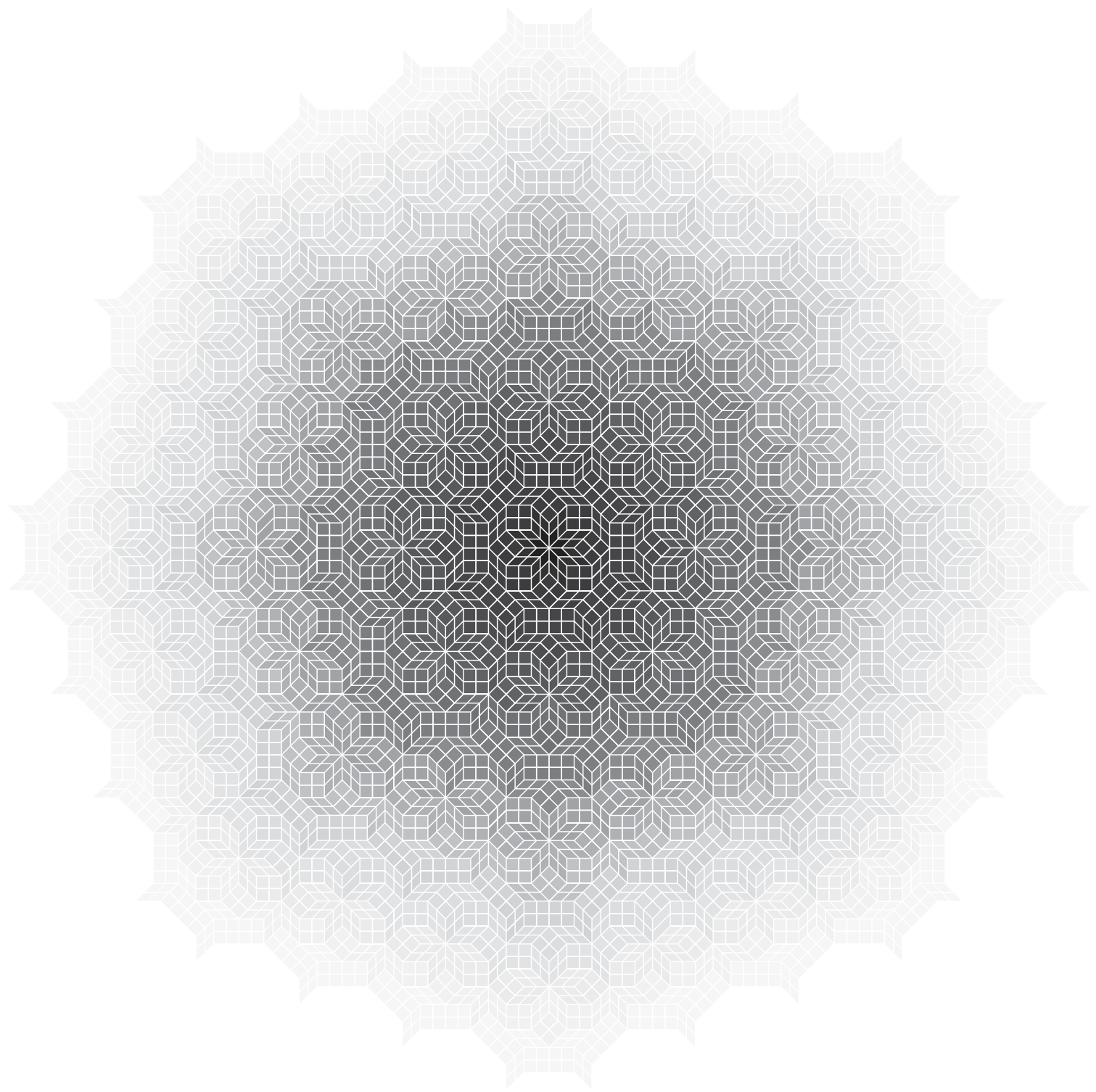




NOW THEN.

**MATTIAS JONES. DISRUPTIVE TECHNOLOGY. JASON SINGH.
A MAGAZINE FOR SHEFFIELD. ISSUE 57. FREE.**

MANAGEMENT.	JAMES LOCK.
EDITOR.	SAM WALBY.
DESIGN & LAYOUT.	MATT JONES. SHAUN FRIEND.
ADVERTISING.	BEN JACKSON. JAMES LOCK.
ADMIN & FINANCE.	SARA HILL.
PROOF & COPY.	FELICITY HEIDEN.
AD DESIGN.	FEEDBACKER DESIGN.
DISTRIBUTION.	OPUS DISTRIBUTION.
CONTRIBUTORS.	ALT-SHEFF. LYNSEY JEFFERIES. JAMES WALLBANK. ROBIN LOVELACE. CASSIE KILL. FREDDIE BATES. NEWSTHUMP. JOE KRISS. NATHANEAL SANSAM. ALEX SZABO-HASLAM. LUKE CAMPBELL. ROB ALDAM. ALAN BYATT. THOMAS LEBIODA. CHRIS ARNOLD. SASHA LEVY-ANDERSSON. NICK DEL'NERO. PAUL ROBSON. FRED OXBY. IAN PENNINGTON. JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES. ALEX MURRAY.

NOW THEN IS A FREE MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PEOPLE IN SHEFFIELD.

We aim to cultivate choice, voice and responsibility by providing a platform for independent art, trade, music, writing and local news. We support Sheffield's economy by only working with independent traders, community groups, charities and local government.

Almost all articles published in this magazine are written by members of the community, not professionals. If you don't like what you read or have something that needs to be said, get in touch. Your opinions make Now Then what it is.

WRITER?
SUBS@NOWTHENMAGAZINE.COM

ARTIST?
SAM@NOWTHENMAGAZINE.COM

MUSICIAN?
SAM@NOWTHENMAGAZINE.COM

POET?
JOE@NOWTHENMAGAZINE.COM

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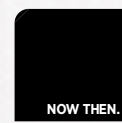
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Evolutionprint



EDITORIAL.

Doesn't time fly when you're working hard? We are pleased to round off another year with a stellar mag, packed full of interesting articles, covering disruptive technologies, asylum, city planning, how to go about buying your first bike, and more. We also have interviews with author and parliamentary researcher Owen Jones and beatboxer Jason Singh. Turn to page 14 for our Christmas food and drink suggestions.

As you hopefully already know, Now Then Manchester is progressing well on the other side of the Pennines, with issue 2 on the streets as we speak. We're really proud to have finally got this project off the ground. If you know anyone in Manchester who might like to be involved, from advertisers and musicians to writers and poets, drop Ian Pennington a line on ian@nowthenmagazine.com.

This is also a significant magazine for us because it will be the last one designed by Matt Jones. Matt is moving on to work on his own art and other design projects, so to celebrate his four and a half years as Now Then art director, this month's art submission is a portfolio of his own work.

Now Then owes a great deal of its visual identity and striking style to Jones's work. They are pretty few and far between these days, but just compare the very first issue of Now Then with this one and you will see just how far we have come since April 2008.

We wish Matt all the best. If you want to check out his own projects in more detail, take a look at madebyjones.com, or stop in to Cafe #9 in Nether Edge, where some of his work based on Hilbert's Curve is currently being exhibited.

A Merry Christmas to you all. We will once again take a break from print in January, but you can find all the usual articles, reviews and interviews at nowthenmagazine.com in the New Year, and we will be back in the physical world in early February.

You can get me on
sam@nowthenmagazine.com.

SAM.

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LOCALCHECK.

PLANNING.
HOSTED BY ALT-SHEFF.

Once, on a Christmas day walk across an icy field, I came upon a poster pinned to a telegraph pole. It was the notice of a planning application for a controversial development on a green field site. The consultation period was timed to coincide with the bleak mid-winter, when people have more on their minds than scanning the horizon to defend their local environment and heritage. I wouldn't suggest that the good people of the city's planning control use such underhand tricks to evade the public gaze, but I'm certain that some Scrooge-like developers do. They know that people are instinctively suspicious of change, and that most of their work is motivated by profit rather than beautifying the landscape.

Planning processes feel like a slow grind of hype, false promises and overruled objections. While the Sheffield newspapers seem effusively keen to talk the city centre Sevenstone development into action, it was sad to note the recent forced sale of the Abbeydale Picture House into private ownership, unnamed at the time of writing.

As the winter of discontent creeps up on us, Veolia have applied for a 30% expansion of waste incineration at their Bernard Road plant, shipping rubbish in from as far away as Doncaster and the Derbyshire Dales. This one could kick up a stink. The whole project was bitterly opposed from the start by environmental groups. You may even recall Greenpeace protesters scaling the chimneys back in 2001, claiming that the plant's pollution record was the worst in Britain. Veolia's contract with the council lives on like the ghost of Christmas past, apparently doomed to annoy people for quite some time. The currently proposed expansion into viability by waste "importing" was always on the cards.

Like Sterecycle's waste treatment factory on nearby Sheffield Road, these are experimental processes. That particular one killed an employee in a boiler explosion. Then in 2012, the operation went bust, much to the relief of people who live and work between Tinsley and Magna, which has low air quality anyway. The testing ground for these experiments always seem to be the lungs of residents in environmentally degraded working class areas downwind of our famously green city. Meanwhile, some of the city's chattering classes are far more interested in about rescuing Sheffield airport. Wonder if they live under the flight path?

If you feel at all concerned about living in a city with areas of air pollution 50% above safe limits, check out the excellent, award-winning website of the East End Quality of Life Initiative. Co-ordinator Neil Parry's project campaigns for social, economic and environmental change right across Sheffield, and has influence nationally. They note that leafy Broomhill is the single worst hotspot for traffic fumes. Thank goodness no developers are planning new supermarkets round there. Oh, wait a minute ...

It's not all bad news. Cycle Sheffield recently pointed out that Sheffield's road improvements being carried out under the Amey PFI scheme allow for minor changes to help pedestrians and cyclists. They offer information about how road and cycling problems should be reported, and urge people to put forward suggestions as the work proceeds.

It's always interesting to scan the local press for news of your area, but fighting for the local environment can be an all-consuming commitment. The issues are complex, the hopes and fears are very real. Individually we feel like Tiny Tim against the developers' power, so it is best to join a group. Campaigners need to share the workload. They need the moral and emotional support of others. Let's face it, they must prepare to accept defeat without being mentally defeated. But at times they can also win.

Don't despair. There are pressure groups on every issue, with reports, resources and facts to add support. Hard-pressed council planners and councillors cannot commit as much time to researching the facts as a motivated member of the public can. We live here, so we have a right to a say in decisions that affect us.

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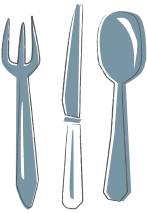
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ASYLUM.

THE UK'S BURGEONING ASYLUM INDUSTRY.
 LYNSEY JEFFERIES.

Last issue, Nigel Slack considered the implications of the current tidal wave of local government outsourcing to private companies. The UK's burgeoning asylum industry highlights the dangers of this trend.

If the words 'asylum industry' have a slightly oxymoronic ring to them, you may be further puzzled to learn that asylum contracts for Sheffield, along with around a third of the rest of the country, have been awarded to the now notorious security firm G4S in a deal reportedly worth £210 million.

Many asylum seekers are fleeing war, religious and political persecution and torture in their homelands. It's worth noting the British involvement in some of these countries. In 2011 Afghanistan produced more asylum seekers than anywhere else in the world. Asylum seekers are banned from working to support themselves, and those caught doing so face prison. While many of those arriving in the UK seeking asylum are immediately rendered homeless and destitute, some qualify for accommodation while their claims are being considered, like those with children to support. The system being what it is, this can take years. Until this year, asylum accommodation was provided by various private housing companies and social landlords including the council, but these services have now been sold off as a highly profitable package to the lowest bidder following budget cuts at the UK Border Agency (UKBA).

As the UK's largest private prison operator, G4S certainly seems an odd choice to deliver a humanitarian service. In a system which already strips asylum seekers of all statutory tenant's and citizen's rights, the company's use of former police hostels and properties such as Angel Lodge in the grounds of high security prison as asylum housing further suggests that people who arrive in the UK asking for help are treated like criminals.

Even more disturbing is G4S's reputation. This summer's shambolic handling of security at the Olympics provides a comic twist to an ongoing corporate horror story. A 2011 report by the Chief Inspector of Prisons found conditions in a G4S run immigration centre to be "objectionable, distressing" and "inhumane." In 2011 G4S lost the contract to deport failed asylum seekers after Jimmy Mubenga suffocated and died in the hands of G4S staff, who were employing restraint techniques the company were warned against using by the Home Office three years previously. The ensuing report revealed the routine use of openly racist language by G4S employees. In 2004, fifteen-year-old Gareth Myatt choked to death on his own vomit as G4S staff "restrained" him at Rainsbrook Secure Training Centre for young offenders. He had refused to clean the sandwich toaster.

Complaints of violence and racism remain high in the company's detention centres. In recent weeks the company was criticised after using unacceptable force against a pregnant woman who was tipped out of her wheelchair and held up by her feet, causing significant risk to her unborn child.

Nonetheless, this year the company will receive £1 billion from various contracts with UK government departments including the Ministry of Justice, the Department of Health, the Home Office, the Foreign Office, the Ministry of Defence and the Department for Education.

As a result of the new asylum contracts, the government claims it will save £150 million. Around 1,200 individuals and families in Yorkshire have been passed into the hands of G4S, effectively making the company their landlord. Across the region, asylum seekers are being evicted from their homes and moved into privately contracted G4S properties up to 100 miles away from their schools and communities, often with little or no notice; a direct contradiction of G4S and UKBA rules.

Local refugee support groups report that vulnerable families have been moved into sub-standard accommodation, with complaints including faulty electrics, a lack of basic furnishings and flooding. No arrangements have been put in place to ensure individual needs are met, such as those of disabled residents, children about to sit GCSEs and people receiving specialised medical treatment locally. In the North East, previous council procedures for assessing suitable areas for relocation in consultation with local police do not appear to have been undertaken by G4S, and asylum seekers have suffered attacks after being moved to areas known to police for far-right activity.

Fears that cost-cutting efforts will result in squeezing people into overcrowded accommodation to lower costs and maximise revenues appear to have been realised. Commitments by G4S to phase out the 'doubling up' of individuals and families into single properties are belied by the continuing use of the Stockton hostel for mothers and babies, in which 30 women and 31 children are housed in tiny rooms with limited shared facilities. When interviewed by Sheffield-based campaigner John Grayson, residents reported a repressive regime: 'They constantly returned to phrases about living in 'cells', in conditions 'like a prison', with no respect for their dignity, privacy or different cultures.'

Proponents of the private sector claim that selling off government services delivers efficiency savings and gives us access to greater expertise and resources. But developments in asylum housing would suggest that selling services off to the lowest bidder will always encourage companies to offer unfeasible reductions. Once a contract is awarded and public sector provision dismantled, it is too late for us to complain about breaches of contract or poor service. When the driving force behind service provision is profit, we compromise quality, accountability and the welfare of both employees and consumers. We lose the opportunity to use our public resources to create a model of a fairer society in which people are the primary concern.

notog4s.blogspot.co.uk
symbaag.org.uk
assistsheffield.org.uk

DISRUPTIVE TECHNOLOGY.

INNOVATION IN MANUFACTURING.
JAMES WALLBANK.

Back in the 90s the web was something new. A lot of people thought it wouldn’t amount to much, but others predicted it would tear up the rulebook, changing the boundaries for business, industry, government and the community. And it did.

Online shopping went from “speculative” to “new” to “everyday” to “your granny’s doing it”. Just about every business got themselves a website and government services went “digital by default”. Businesses went bankrupt and others sprung up. Fortunes were lost and made. Remember Virgin Megastore? Remember Zavvi? Remember local newspapers?

The web was disruptive technology. Disruptive technology seems to come out of nowhere and very quickly turns everything upside down. Some people ignore it. Some people get angry, or scared, or greedy. Some businesses benefit; some have to change out of all recognition.

This sort of technology is worrying if you’re safely in work, labouring away with a limited skill set and limited options. But if you’ve got a taste for adventure, or if you’re outside the charmed circle of secure employment and regular income, then that disruption could give you a chance. It’s not just about individuals. Sheffield has been in a tough economic corner for a couple of decades now, and the city needs a game changer.

When Access Space opened in 2000, we were able to say to people, “Why don’t you come and learn about web design? Grab a couple of books, read up on HTML, and in a few months you can build yourself a professional level career with virtually no capital investment.” The web’s disruptive potential made that proposition a possibility. Some people grabbed the opportunity with both hands, created their own jobs and went on to new futures.

The trouble is that it’s not really true anymore. It’s not the web skills that’ll make the difference – it’s the other skills and talents that you sell via the web that’ll really count. On its own the web doesn’t offer the wild card opportunity it once did, because it has become the norm. Business, industry and government know how it works now. The digital frontier has been stitched up. The same thing is happening with YouTube as we watch. I’m not saying you can’t make a million from digital opportunities, but your chances are slimmer, and your potential wins aren’t so open-ended, the way they used to be.

Getting everyone familiar with the digital basics, while a worthwhile objective, just isn’t enough anymore. Now the opportunities for established technologies like the web and e-commerce are becoming more predictable, more under control. We need to look at emerging disruptive technologies for the sorts of opportunities that may have unpredictable, open-ended results.

At Access Space we’re looking at physical computing and advanced manufacturing; a digital fabrication laboratory, or fablab, where people can get involved with digital manufacturing, electronics, robotics, remote control systems, sensors, embedded intelligence and more. We believe that it’s this area – where the digital and physical worlds meet – that will bring about the next wave of disruptive innovation.

We’re thinking about laser cutters. You draw a shape on the computer and it cuts that shape out of plywood or perspex super accurately. We’re looking into computer numerically controlled (CNC) machines like mills and cutters. You define a 3D shape and it grinds it out of a small block of plastic or aluminium. We’ve just ordered a CNC router, big enough to cut thick sheets of wood, so we can make furniture-sized objects. We’ve built an electronics workbench, acquired a whole bunch of tools, and started looking into even more radical technologies, like 3D printers.

Isn’t this a million miles away from our initial idea of a trash technology lab? Not at all. The costs of these technologies have plummeted in the last few years. Now we’re able to build a fablab that Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) estimates costs around £100,000 for a fifth of that, and the prices are still coming down. Our laser cutter cost a third of the price of MIT’s US-made laser. It’s bigger, more powerful, and (of course) made in Yorkshire.

You can buy a programmable mini-robot brain (Arduino) for 12 quid, or a barebones multimedia computer the size of a playing card (Raspberry Pi) for 35 quid. Computer-controlled manufacturing machines like laser cutters and CNC machines that used to cost £20,000 now cost a few thousand pounds. What we’re setting up is the 21st century equivalent of a community print shop – a suite of computer-controlled tools that can make just about anything.

MIT invented the idea of the media lab back in the mid 90s. They said the future of information technology was going to be around multimedia – video, audio, images and websites. While the rest of the world was getting excited about email, spreadsheets and word processing, they predicted the YouTube revolution, so we reckon their predictions are worth listening to.

Think what happened to the office. Thirty years ago, “office” meant a big building in town, where people shuffled paperwork. Now it means a function on your laptop, on your phone, or “in the cloud”. Office work hasn’t gone away, but it has changed profoundly. It has fragmented, disintegrated and permeated everyday life. Now everyone is their own secretary.

In the same way, fablab technologies are going to fragment and disintegrate manufacturing. Ten years from now you might buy a shirt or a washing machine made in your neighbourhood, not in China, and 30 years from now you could be downloading the designs and making these things in your own home.

If you had a whole suite of machines that could make just about anything, what would be the best thing to make? How about a whole suite of machines that could make just about anything? That’ll be when manufacturing capability goes truly viral.

And it’s happening already. RepRap is a desktop 3D printer. It’s like a computer-controlled hot glue gun. You define a 3D object on the computer, and it prints it layer by layer as a 3D object in thermoplastic. It can make around 65% of its own components, so once you’ve got one part, your next one is cheaper. The thermoplastic is made from potato starch, so in the end you may be able to grow your own feedstock.

This is not science fiction; it’s real, and you can buy a kit to build one for less than £400. It can’t make all of itself, but each improved version is increasing the machine’s reproducibility. A whole suite of machines, operating on different materials and at different scales, from the microscopic to the architectural, is getting close to being able to reproduce itself.

These opportunities should be available to everyone, so we’ve taken the bull by the horns and set up Refab Space, a community fablab at Access Space. With a network of partners, we’re using it to support start-up enterprises across the city. But unlike the usual enterprise advisors, we don’t talk about cashflow projections, speculative share issues and fictional business plans. Instead we’re helping enterprising people to design and make prototypes so they can make and sell real products.

The requirement to learn is one of the things we really like about the DIY approach to technology. It gives opportunities to people who are at a loose end, and it’s one of Access Space’s watchwords: pay with money, end up poorer – pay with time, end up smarter. Doesn’t that sound like an “IT investment strategy” that makes sense for the city?

[access-space.org](#)



ON YER BIKE.

JOINING THE SUSTAINABLE TRANSPORT REVOLUTION.
ROBIN LOVELACE.

Now there’s an overused phrase. It’s been spoken so many ways and with so many connotations that all its different meanings seem to have blurred into one and cancelled out. But it’s got a history. Back in 1981, Tory MP Norman Tebbit made a statement following the Brixton riots that would lead some to attribute it to him: ‘I grew up in the 30s with an unemployed father. He didn’t riot. He got on his bike and looked for work, and he kept looking till he found it.’ Back then bicycles were seen as a poor person’s form of transport, a quirky craft fit only for those unable to join the joyful masses on their pilgrimage towards car-topia.

How things have changed. Peak car ownership may be upon us, as illustrated by the falling proportion of those aged under 25 with driving licenses. The car, once the thing of dreams, lies forlorn. Even the status boost that a swanky car used to ensure has gone into reverse. In common parlance, you learn that BMW drivers are “twats”, Audi drivers “wankers” and Prius drivers “yogurt weavers”. As for the Range Rover hangers-on still out there – and I mean you, fat sunglasses man who I see regularly cursing the traffic on Ecclesall Road South – you are “the human incarnation of greed”. OK, I made that last one up.

The point of this introductory detour is to illustrate that things have changed. Bikes are now a major growth sector. They seem to have the ability to spawn tribes, each infusing “On Yer Bike” with their own meaning; from the lycra-clad Wiggo wannabes to the style-conscious fixxies; the M (middle aged, middle class, mortgage) classes tottering on £2,000 ‘full sussers’ in the Peaks to the BMX tribe on Dev Green; the classy yummy mummies stocking up at Beanies to the hooded youth riding on the pavement.

Everyone, it seems, is getting into cycling, and this is reflected in Council statistics which indicate that cycling has been growing by around 7% per year for the past decade. The real point of this article is to show you around the maze of bike options and ensure that “On Yer Bike” works for you.

The first question to ask yourself when looking for a bike is: What will you use it for? Not “might you”, not “would you like to”, or even “would you wish to”, if you were catapulted into a parallel universe leading out Mark Cavendish on the home straight of the Champs-Élysées. No. What will you use it for, day in, day out. It’s worth making the distinction, because bikes bought during a daydream may not make sense when the dream is over. I’m assuming that, like me, you will use your bicycle mainly for daily transport, the occasional shopping trip, and, once in a blue moon, for epic missions to Manchester. This means getting a proper bike. A proper bike is one that’s useful for everyday life. Not one with 6-inches of suspension, although this would be ideal for the new trails at the ski village, promoted by world champion Sheffielder Steve Peat; not one that’s Tour de France ready with electronic shifters, but a proper bicycle. It may sound obvious, but proper bicycles are the minority in today’s market, so be warned.

How do you tell a proper bike from an impractical or useless one? It’s not always obvious, but the following points may help. Proper bikes:

Are not ludicrously expensive or cheap – costing from about £300 new or £100 second-hand

Have “braze-ons” – threaded holes in the frame to attach mudguards and pannier racks

Have decent tires – not too big and knobbly, not too skinny

Are comfortable –something you’ll have to figure out with a test ride

The first place to head for such devices is – wait for it – a bike shop. There are plenty in Sheffield, so it’s worth shopping around before splashing out. The advantage of buying in a shop is that you’ll be able to ask questions, try before you buy, and get support.

The disadvantage is that you may feel harassed into spending more money than you need to on a machine that doesn’t work well for you. As with cars, it’s rarely wise to snap up the first one you see.

New bikes have a lot going for them: the latest technology (10 speed shifters, wool!), zero wear and tear, the shiny factor (do not underestimate this), and a warranty. If you’re on a tighter budget, however, or just like the idea of re-using stuff for the greater good, the second-hand options are not bad either.

The great thing about bicycles is that they last ages. There are literally thousands collecting dust in cellars and sheds around Sheffield right now that could be enjoying life on the highway. Ask around. People love to talk about bicycles and, if you’re lucky, pass them on at bargain prices.

OK, so your friends and family have nothing of interest. The next stage may be to venture out into the bottomless void they call the internet. This is a lonely place, but you can pick up a two-wheeled bargain or two there. There’s also a burgeoning market in second-hand parts. My only advice with eBay is to try and see the bicycle in advance, or ask someone who knows about bikes to take a gander before you bid. Gumtree is also good for local sales.

That’s the second-hand option more or less covered. The advantage to this market is pricing, and the fact that some older bicycle parts are more durable (secret: high quality steel lasts longer and repairs easier than aluminium). The disadvantage of second-hand bicycles is that they may be worn and need expensive repairs, they may fall apart, and they lack customer support.

The final option is a recycled bike. This means fusing the parts of two or more unused, worn out or discarded bicycles into a single machine. Fusing old and new kit may not instantly work, but the feeling of Zen you can get when it’s complete is hard to beat, if you have the time, tools and know-how. Alternatively, you can get someone to do the re-cycling for you. ReCycle Bikes, an independent non-profit bike shop in Sheffield, may be a good place for that, but you’ll need to snap up the good stuff quickly, because demand rightly outstrips supply in the world of professionally serviced recycled bikes.

So that’s it – three main ways to get “On Yer Bike”. With this advice in mind, I strongly suggest you sort your loved one out with a decent bike for Christmas, rather than wasting hard-earned cash on ephemeral crackers, games consoles or smartphones. Every bike has its pros and cons, so it’s a case of finding the best for you. How to ride, maintain, protect and modify the new pride of your life? Well, that’s for another article. One clue: it doesn’t include 10-inch bass bins, but may well include a careful selection of saddle height, tire pressure and flashing LEDs.

If you have any burning bike questions, please write in to Now Then to guide the follow-up article.

ReCycle Bikes

For spares, repairs, recycled bicycles, replacement parts and training. Located on Thirlwell Road, Heeley. recyclebikes.co.uk

Tony Butterworth Cycles

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Christmas is all about giving. Giving to others and giving to ourselves. It's certainly not a time for depriving ourselves. Christmas flavours are all about rich, satisfying combinations. You don't necessarily have to go all-out with complex methods. If you get these flavours right they'll speak for themselves and have some wonderful, nostalgic associations. With this in mind, here is our festive flavour combo top five.

CHEESE AND FRUIT

From a traditional cheese board with crackers and chutneys to modern cheeses with fruit in, festive fromages are great for indulgent holiday snacking, with a real burst of umami, sweetness and a tang to cut through. Everyone loves a cheeseboard and it's something that can be left on the table for all-day munching.

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GINGER, CINNAMON, NUTMEG AND SUGAR

Think of a German Christmas market: sweet and spicy biscuits, warming gluhwein... It really warms the cockles. You could build these flavours into your home cooking by making ginger biscuits to add to your tree, making a non-traditional dessert like a ginger cheesecake, or by adding a spicy twist to your stuffing with a little fresh ginger fried off with garlic and added to a sausage meat base.

MEAT AND FRUIT

Traditionally we think of turkey and cranberry, but there's a whole world of great combinations out there. Don't be scared to experiment with adding more unusual dried or fresh fruits to your stuffing, like apricots, dates, figs or pineapple. You can also try adding a spoonful of good quality fruit jam to your gravy. My favourite is gooseberry with roasted game birds.

FAT AND EVERYTHING

Think goose fat roast potatoes, buttered carrots, or olive oil drizzled over your cabbage, because essentially the mid-winter feast is all about cooking something to stick to your ribs and everything tastes better with a bit of fat.

AND FINALLY...

Don't feel like you need to put all these flavours on one plate! They are powerful and sometimes a dash of restraint is worth its weight in gold over the festive season. Or at least a few minutes between courses.



VENISON WELLINGTON.

Serves 2. Recipe by Freddie Bates.

Fillet of venison (8oz/225g should be enough for 2)
Wild mushrooms (if you can't find wild, button or chesnut will do)
2 large cloves of garlic
1/2 onion
Few spigs rosemary
200ml double cream
1 bag spinach
Pre-rolled puff pastry
Butter
1tbsp oil (for frying)
Small glass of white wine

Heat a frying pan to high with oil. After seasoning the meat, seal quickly all over, adding a knob of butter. Remove meat from pan but keep the butter, oil and juices. Allow it to rest while you fry the onion on a medium heat in meat juices to soften. After five minutes, add garlic and rosemary. Don't let the garlic burn, so turn down if necessary.

Add mushrooms and cook on medium heat until nicely browned. Add wine and reduce to almost nothing then add the cream. Reduce cream on a good boil by three quarters or more – you need a good thick paste when blended. Take off the heat and season. Using a blender, blitz to a thick paste and allow to cool. Meanwhile, wilt all the spinach in a small amount of water. When cooked, squeeze out excess liquid and sit in a sieve so any extra comes out.

Roll out your pastry on a floured surface and smear your paste on top, leaving about an inch all round. Spoon the spinach over and place venison in the middle. Using the melted butter, brush the edges and fold one to the other, leaving a lip on the bottom side to fold back. Press down around the meat to get all air out, then, using more butter, fold the bottom lip back and press all round to create a seal. Using a fork, press all around the seal. Ever so lightly decorate with crosses or patterns. Not necessary but pleasing to the eye.

Brush the parcel all over with butter. Place on a heated baking tray on greaseproof paper, and stick in a hot oven on the top shelf for 15- 20 minutes or until the pastry is golden brown. This should leave the meat medium rare.

EGG NOG MARTINI.

Recipe from The Wick at Both Ends.

1 egg white, whipped
1 splash double cream
1 shot dark rum
1 shot amaretto
1 teaspoon sugar
2 dashes vanilla essence

Beat your egg white until fluffy in consistency, then mix all the ingredients together. Use a cocktail shaker if you have one. If not then just put in a sealed tupperware tub with a dozen ice cubes and shake. Top with freshly grated nutmeg and serve neat.

HOT BUTTERED RUM.

Recipe from The Wick at Both Ends.

2 shots rum
1 heaped teaspoon brown sugar
75ml boiling water
Small knob of butter (approx 10g)
A squeeze of lemon

Put your rum and sugar in a sturdy glass, then add the boiling water and stir in your butter until it's melted. Finally, raid your spice cabinet and give it some life. We like to use cinnamon and cloves but nutmeg and star anise work well.

PHOTO BY SARA HILL. COOKING BY FREDDIE BATES

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PHOTO BY HIDEYUKI KAMON

Brooks and Coulson to be given chance to find out whether prisons are like holiday camps

The Crown Prosecution Service has announced that Rebekah Brooks and Andy Coulson are to face charges relating to phone hacking, handing the former News of the World editors the chance of finding out exactly how similar prisons are to holiday camps.

The two are to be charged with conspiring to access the voicemail of murdered schoolgirl Milly Dowler, and face the prospect of a long stay in a venue “more akin to an all-inclusive Butlins stay than a prison”.

As one former Sun reader explained, “Over the years we’ve marvelled at The Sun’s investigative journalism and its breakthrough reports on how prison is no deterrent to criminals, with inmates merely pampered and treated at the expense of the tax payer.

“I look forward to reading their expose from the ‘inside’ on how the gym and exercise facilities are better than you’d find on any council estate. Maybe they can take a course? I hear the distance learning packs are quite good for those wanting to learn about Business Ethics.”

Coulson and Brooks charged

However some observers have insisted that it would be wrong to condemn the pair before they have had their day in court and had the opportunity to present their case to a jury of their peers.

“I think we should wait and hear the facts of the case first. Making snap judgements about their guilt or innocence is not the job of the general public.”

“That’s the job of the tabloid editors.”

“Oh.”

Church now less credible than concept of omnipotent superbeing, says Rowan Williams

Followings its rejection of women bishops, the former Archbishop of Canterbury has said that the Church of England is now less credible than the insistence that a supernatural creator oversees the universe.

Rowan Williams told the ruling general synod that the Church would now be seen as “wilfully blind” to modern trends and priorities as well as physics.

While 324 synod members voted for women bishops, church voting rules, which are centred around votes counting for sod all, mean 122 votes against were enough to block it.

“It’s hard enough being taken seriously when you’re asking people to put their faith in the existence of a superhuman that holds the ability to carry out acts which are logically impossible,” he said.

“But to deny women the opportunity to become bishops... well, it leaves us with a lot of explaining to do, which is something we don’t normally bother with.”

Women Bishops

Those in favour of women bishops have vented their anger at the outcome of the vote, with reports emerging of sporadic outbreaks of low-level hymns with acoustic guitar accompaniment.

The House of Laity, whose objections blocked the move, based their unwillingness to vote in favour of female bishops on their interpretation of the bible and also the standard of goalkeeping in women’s football.

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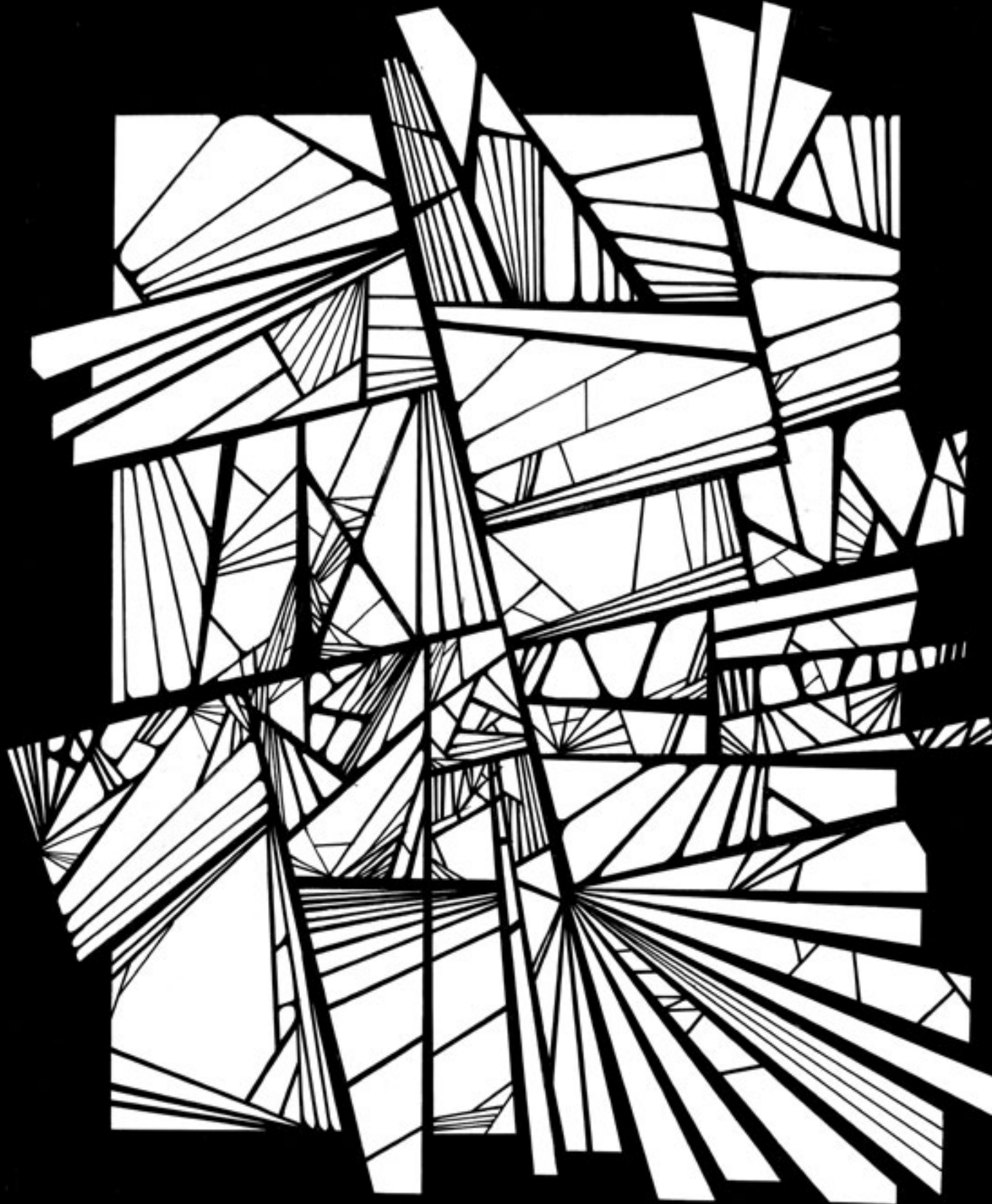


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December tends to be the time when you take stock of the past year and make plans for the coming months. I was filling out a funding application for Word Life recently, and I realised it has been six years since we started out with our first event at the Raynor Lounge at Sheffield University back in 2006, a night of shisha, soul and spoken word. Pre smoking ban days seem like an age ago now, and it remains the first and likely only time Sheffield Students' Union will allow a shisha bar to be set up inside their premises. Among a haze of smoke, a collection of mostly terrified English literature students shared their own work to an audience of 100 people followed by sets from DJs and local bands.

Word Life has evolved a lot since then. Starting as a group of friends running an open mic night, we now run regular events in Sheffield, Bradford and further afield, collate this section in Now Then, and work with a range of different individuals and arts organisations in devoping literature across Yorkshire.

This year our activities have reached an estimated 150,000 people through a mixture of events, publishing and public engagement projects such as Poems On The Trams and 21 Poets For Sheffield. Through Now Then we've published some of the leading names in contemporary poetry and fiction. At our events we've showcased award-winning poets in front of sold out audiences across a range of different venues including The Showroom Cinema, The Lantern Theatre and The Riverside in Sheffield, and The National Media Museum and Theatre in the Mill in Bradford in the past year alone.

There's a poet called Byron Vincent who regularly introduces his sets with the acknowledgement that most people see poetry as some sort of creche for the mentally ill. While this is not wholly incorrect, perceptions about poetry and live literature are steadily changing for the better. I'd like to think Word Life has had a small part to play in this within Yorkshire. It would be wrong to suggest that we ever had a plan, or any alterior motive for setting up Word Life other than to run the type of night we had wanted to attend ourselves. Yet as I look back, I realise it's all been about showing that poetry is for everyone.

Six years down the line, we still battle conceptions that poetry is elitist, irrelevant, boring or self indulgent. But that remains part of the reason why it's still an exciting art form to be part of. It couldn't be further from the truth. I've never come across another type of event where you can hear a teaching assistant from Rotherham, a social worker with an MBE, an archaeologist and an obituary writer for The Star talk to strangers about subjects a lot of people would be embarassed to discuss with their closest friends. At your average poetry event you can hear a poem about a Post Office party romantic liason at a bandstand, a poem about a father whose health deterioriated from a lifetime of working in the mines, to a poem charting the history of dance music. Long gone are the days when poetry was mostly the pursuit of upper class straight white men. It's increasingly about giving a platform to those who feel disenfranchised by our society. It provides a subversive voice and a community for anyone who wants to be a part of it. It can also be moving and incredibly entertaining.

But enough looking back. Time to make some New Year's resolutions. Get better. Run more events in different cities. Release an anthology. Run artistic development sessions.

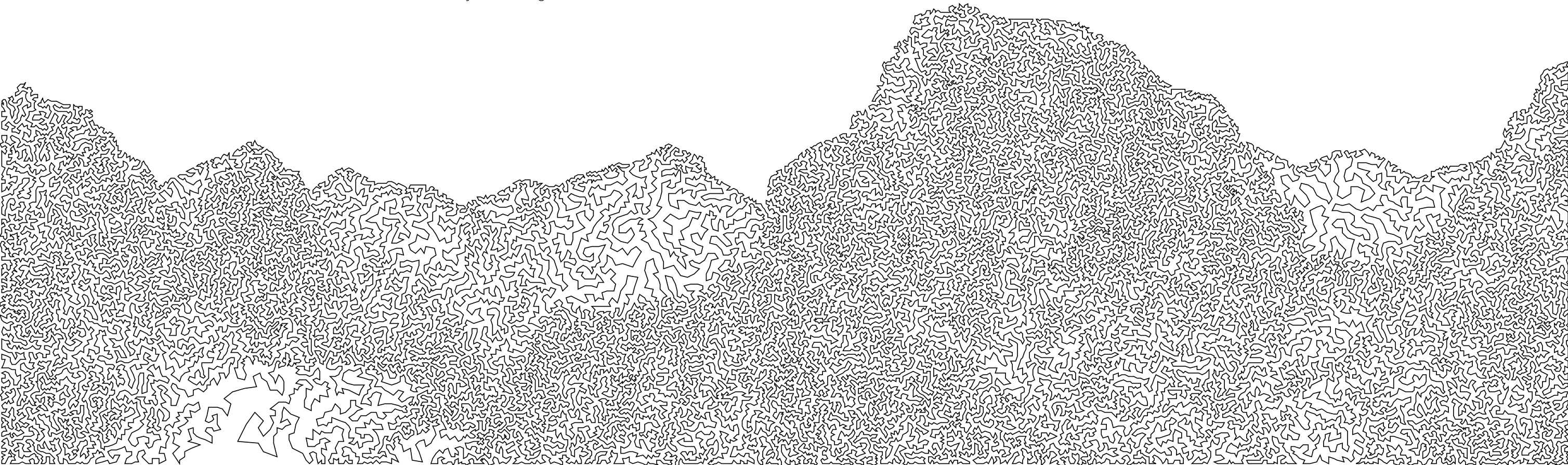
Just a word of warning for all of you attending Christmas parties this month – be careful who you cop off with, because you might just end up in a poem.

WORD LIFE 6TH BIRTHDAY.

The Riverside / £5/£4 concessions.
8th December / 7pm.

Inua Ellams is an award-winning poet, playwright and performer; a writer with a style influenced by both classic literature and hip hop, by Keats as it is by Mos Def. Rooted in a love for rhythm and language, he crosses 18th century romanticism and traditional story telling with contemporary diction, loose rhythm and rhyme.

Also featuring Sally Jenkinson, open mic slots and more acts to be announced. Email wordlifeuk@gmail.com to reserve a five minute slot.



OWEN JONES.

AUTHOR AND PARLIAMENTARY RESEARCHER TALKS TO NOW THEN.
INTERVIEW BY NATHANEAL SANSAM.

Owen Jones is one of the most influential figures on the British left. His 2011 debut book *Chavs: The Demonization of the Working Class* prompted much debate about class in 21st century Britain. A lot of the book details the effects that Thatcherism and New Labour policies have had on working class communities.

Owen has also worked as a parliamentary and trades union researcher. Described as a “baying jackal” by Fox News, he was born in Sheffield but raised across the Pennines in Stockport into a family with a longstanding Socialist tradition. Now a columnist at The Independent, I caught up with him ahead of Off the Shelf Festival to discuss his work.

You recently updated your book to include the 2011 riots and the reaction to them. How well do you they fit it in with the overall themes you had already outlined in the book?

The point I suppose I would make about it is that there are wider reasons for why the riots happened, like the growth of huge numbers of young people, in particular working class communities who don't feel that they have a future to risk. This is partly because of some of the issues I wrote about in the book, like the disappearance of middle income skilled jobs in industries that have vanished, and those jobs have never been replaced, leaving a vacuum, and so we see very high levels of youth unemployment in these areas. There are many other things, like cuts to youth services, the scrapping of education maintenance allowance (EMA) and tuition fees.

In the book you recall a private talk you attended where a prominent Conservative politician referred to the Tory Party as “a coalition of privileged interests” that win by “giving just enough to just enough people”. Is this the view of most of the Conservatives MPs you speak to in private?

It was a stark thing to say, but of course he was talking to quite a privileged audience [at Oxford University]. The majority of Tory MPs wouldn't speak to me that way because they know I'm a left-wing journalist!

It's easy to caricature Tories as a bunch of top-hated toffs in smoke-filled rooms trying to construct ways of grinding the dirt into the faces of the poor. It's slightly more complicated than that, but I think as a whole it's true to say that most senior Conservatives are people who've only grown up surrounded by other affluent people. Their contact with “normal people” is quite limited. Class conflict is inevitable when you don't get a mix of people, and you only mix with people like yourself.

At points you seem to paint the Chav caricature as being like a regression to Victorian depictions of the working class. Has it really got that bad?

I think there are parallels with the Victorian era, where you had these depictions of the feral poor. In the late 18th century you had Social Darwinism creeping in and lots of people were flirting with eugenics, including people who were meant to be on the left. Many believed the idea that poor people were out-breeding the higher in society. This a recurring theme – the idea that poor people are a threat to society – that continues today. So arguably Social Darwinism and eugenics in those overt forms have given way to modern day rhetoric that the state shouldn't be subsidising people having large families, so it's a change towards financial sanctions.

But in terms of the caricature of the working class, I think this is one way in which we have definitely regressed. In the post-war era there was an effort to show working class life as it actually was, and you don't really get that today.

You also mention how when people raise the issue of class, ‘their arguments are ignored and they are slapped down as dinosaurs clinging to outdated, irrelevant nostrums’. Do you think there is a shift taking place in this discourse?

Yes totally. If my book had come out a few years beforehand it wouldn't have made half the impact. I think that it got the attention it did partly because of the economic crisis, with much of the wealth and assistance going to the top as opposed to further down, and also obviously because we have a Conservative government dominated by people from privileged backgrounds which wouldn't look out of place in a 19th century British cabinet.

Recently you travelled to Venezuela as an election moderator. How did the situation on the ground compare to the public perception of Venezuela being a semi-despotic state?

To be honest, it couldn't have been any more different from how it is portrayed in the West, principally by journalists who are either sitting at desks and aren't present there, or by ones that go to Caracas and the more prosperous areas and speak to the richer people, who are generally against the government there.

But when you go there there's no doubt at all the recent election was completely free. In fact, the biggest threat to Venezuelan democracy was in 2002, when much of the opposition supported a Pinochet-style coup, and arguably you can say charges of dictatorship are quite hypocritical coming from the opposition because the media, the mass media in Venezuela, are almost 90% against Chavez. We're not talking just a bit critical; we're talking Fox News on speed in some cases.

I gather that you are writing a new book on the British establishment. Is there anything you can tell us about that?

It'll come out in 2014, so long as I can get my skates on. It's looking at the establishment, the city, institutions like the police. It's looking at power in Britain, how it's all linked together, and obviously I refer to things like the financial crash, the expenses scandal, phone hacking, and now the BBC.

This notion that the establishment doesn't play by the same rules as everyone else seems quite strong in the public consciousness now, so I'm going to talk to a lot of people based in the establishment, whether they are journalists, politicians, civil servants and so on. But one of the main things I want to point out is how ordinary people are affected by those decisions at the top, so I'll be talking to the Hillsborough families, to Ian Tomlinson's family, and some of the women who had relationships with undercover police officers posing as protestors.

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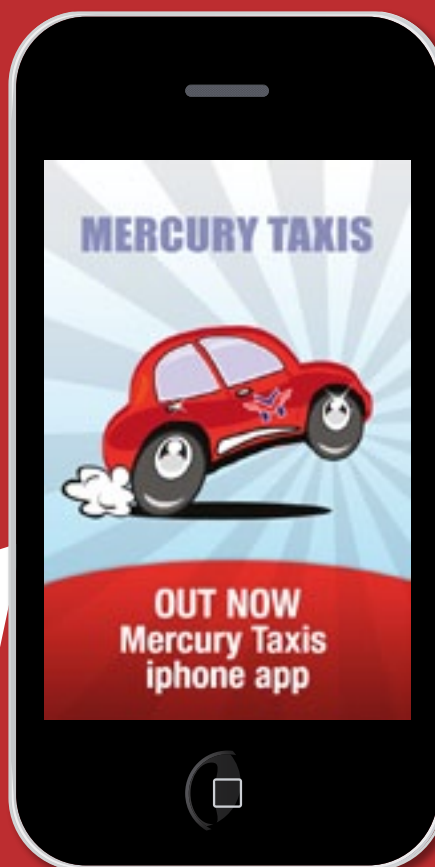
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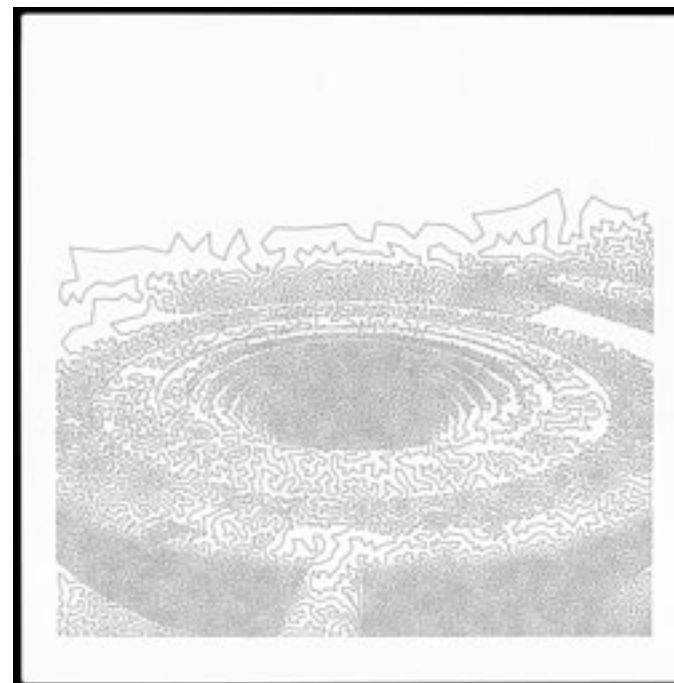
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MATTIAS JONES.

LINE AND FORM.
INTERVIEW BY ALEX SZABO-HASLAM.

Jones and I first met quite a few years ago at the opening of a graffiti exhibition. Since then he has carved out a niche for himself. Readers will no doubt be aware of his work on this magazine in his role as chief designer and art director since it started life in Sheffield in April 2008, as well as flyer and poster designs for Tinnitus and Sheffield Techno Institute, vinyl artwork for artists in Sheffield and Manchester, a large-scale single line drawing at this year's Uncivilisation Festival, and more recently his Mind Out project, part of Sheffield's Festival of the Mind.

Jones and I exchange emails frequently, talking techno and seeking design advice from the other, but rarely do we meet in person. It seemed fitting to conduct the interview in our usual manner of communicating.

Do you class yourself as a graphic designer, fine artist, illustrator or something else?

I'm not very good at classifications. It depends on what I'm working on, and what it ends up being. Art on product becomes design.

Who or what did you admire when you were starting out?

William Blake. Austin Osman Spare. Mosques and cathedrals. Obviously Escher. Charles Rennie Mackintosh once wrote "everything that leaves my hand should be beautiful."

Who or what inspires you currently?

Origami. The Victorians; engineering and architecture. Matthew Shlian; paper engineering. Margaret Wertheim; crochet work coral to mathematical formulae.

Currently your studio is in a metal storage yard, and previously you were based in an old scissor factory. Is location important to the way you work?

It definitely makes a difference. Industrial space puts me in the right headspace for the work I do. It definitely seems to inform the things that end up getting made in the studio. Being around Sheffield history, and in the manufacturing buildings of that history, is massively important to me.

When you took your first steps did you have a clear idea of the sort of work you wanted to take on? Did you always intend to work alone?

When I started, it was firmly DIY or nothing. Now, as the projects get larger and more complicated, other people have to be involved. Photographers, coders and engineers are my favourite people, and are greatly responsible for the success of big installs.

I've been restoring methods of making artwork since I started. At the moment that amounts to a giant pile of battered screenprint gear and a Vandercook SP20 proofing press, found rusting in a London squat. The end game is being able to produce as much of my own work as humanly possible.

When I started out, I was trying – sometimes without realising – to do the work I thought other people would like, as opposed to what I wanted to do. Now everything I do is heartfelt. I make pennies in comparison to some more commercial artists and illustrators but I feel much more comfortable with my work and people's reactions to it.

I asked two people to briefly summarise your work, and one said 'intensely bleak'. I like this description. Is this the reaction you expect?

It's one I'm increasingly used to! I don't attempt to make bleak artwork though. Stark perhaps, but mainly I'm attempting to show something that's minimal, and often deliberately simple. Colour distracts from careful study of line and form, eliciting a straight emotional reaction from the audience. I'd prefer it if they looked at it properly.

What memorable responses have you had to your work?

"When are you going to colour it in?" over the course of the last monochrome installation.

Much of your work has a DIY aesthetic. Is the computer a friend or foe in this process?

It's an essential tool. Even the most handmade project will involve a computer at some point, even if it's just throwing around versions to see what things look like before committing with paint.

A lot of your work is based around patterns, rigid structures and linearity. Do you think in such a way, or do you develop ideas in a much more chaotic, intuitive fashion?

Everything is definitely born from chaos. I might have an obsessive way I construct and work, but to offset that I use deliberately messy production methods like spraypaint, print production that errors beautifully – anything I can to strike a balance between order and disorder, and make it obvious that there's been a human involved.

Are there any routines and rituals in the way you work?

Java/Mocha blend from Pollards. Constant music. Battles with the cat.

Do you ever crave group dynamics, or is the commitment to doing it all yourself stronger and more rewarding?

A lot of my best ideas get refined talking to others, particularly non-visual types. They'll listen to me rant on about a subject, and reply with something off-key. Often they don't realise what they've sparked in my brain. This is a job though. Hard work needs to get put in to get good results, and I find working in collaboration becomes procrastination rather than product.

Many accomplished artists and designers have no formal training. There is something to admire in the 'have a go' attitude which can lead to unexpected and stunning results. As a creative who has not walked the conventional path of studying a degree in a design or arts-based subject, would you agree?

I'm surrounded by people with academic degrees who don't work in the field they are qualified in. There's been many times I've kicked myself for doing things the long way, but I'm comfortable with where I've ended up. With making things it's not really about the piece of paper you've got; it's about the work you've completed. Being the 'naïve designer' has always made me push myself to learn what others have been taught, and I plan for this never to stop.

What is the best piece of advice you've been given?

Never work for nowt, but if tha do, do it for thasen.

What medium would you love to work in but haven't had the chance?

I can't wait to get started with the letterpress properly. Physical print making is an art in itself. But I'd also love to get hold of some big fucking lasers and make huge things out of brass.

What is your dream project?

Some kind of entirely immersive environment – patterns extending over every surface, floor and ceiling. A train station or a place of worship maybe. Denver Airport.

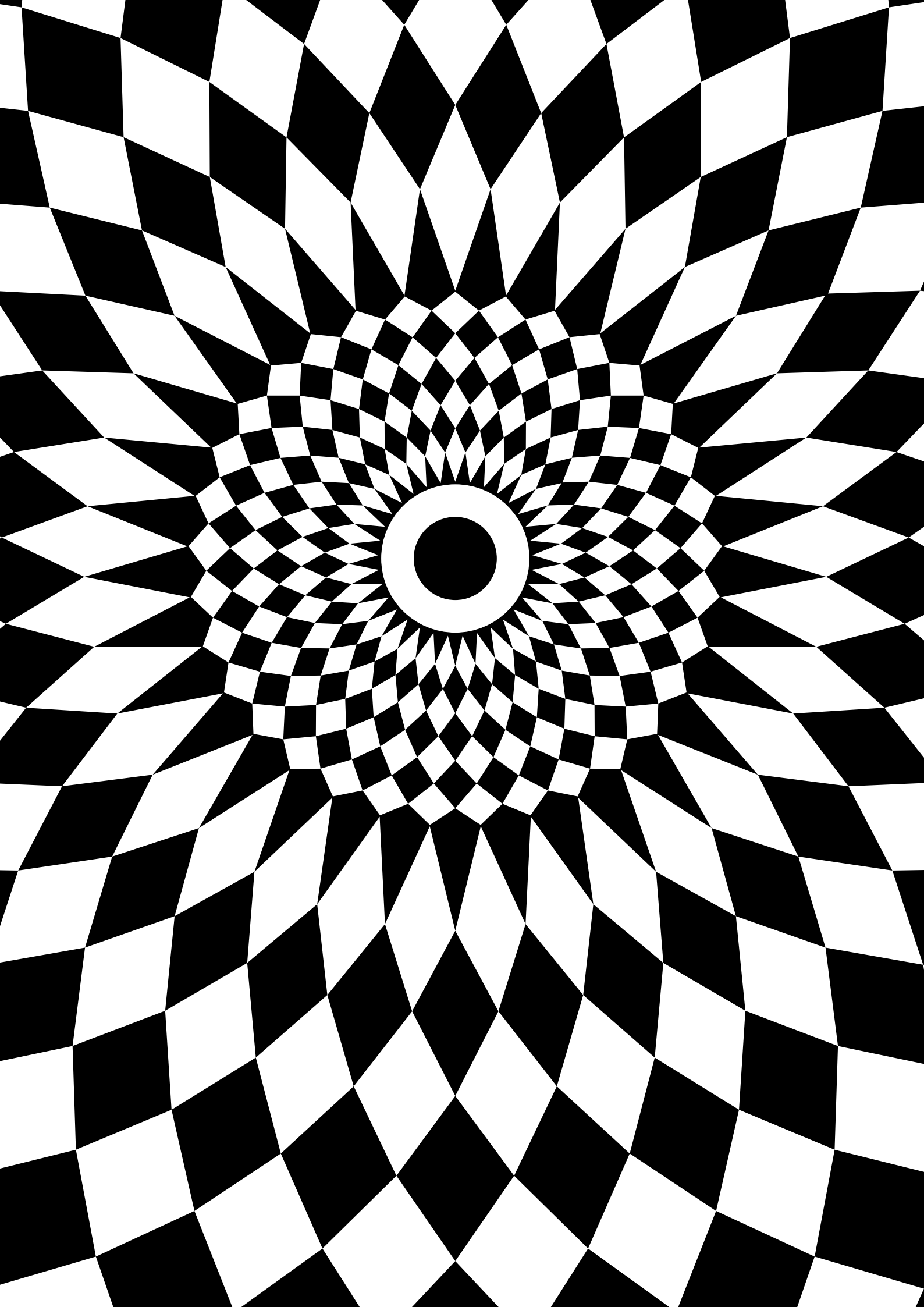
What advice would you give to someone thinking of pursuing a career in art or design?

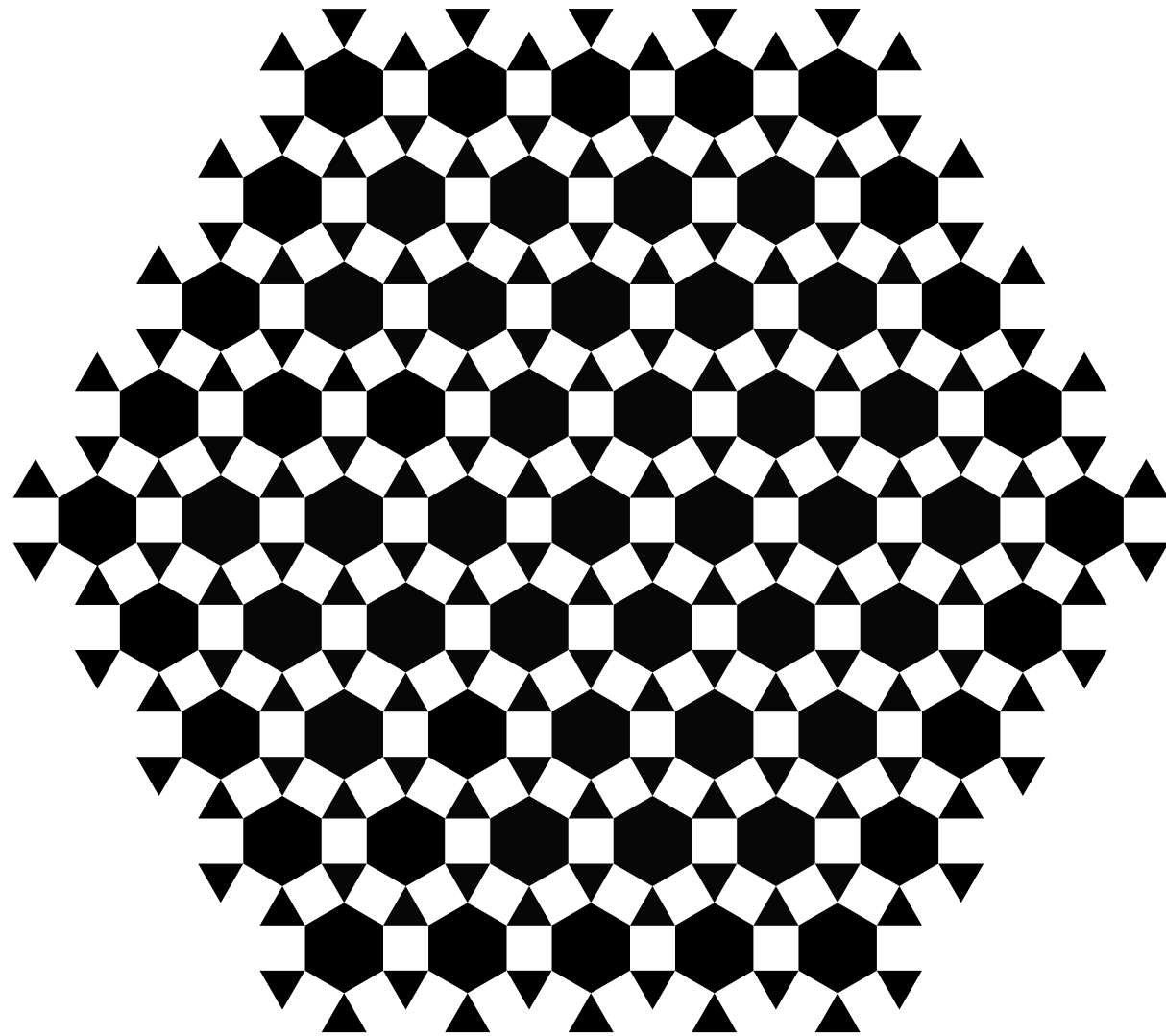
Work out what you want to do and stick at it. Be prepared to live on toast and noodles on occasion.

Photographers featured:
Andy Brown, Nathan Gibson, Theodore Simpson, Ben Randall.

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Thursday 13th: Eurosession folk dancing, free entry from 8 o'clock.

Sunday 16th: Opus Presents: Not What You Know. "People that make music, playing music that they love". First of a regular monthly night brought to you by the same folks that bring you this 'ere magazine.

Friday 21st: Shakespeares presents Blue's For Christmas: 'Laurel Canyons (Formerly known as In Fear Of Olive), The Blackbirds, Emily & Benjamin. £5 advance, £7 on the door. Doors 8:30.

Monday 31st Dec: Dale Storr & The New Orleans Big Band New Years Eve Party! See in the New Year, New Orleans style with Hurricane Cocktails, Mardi Gras inspired costumes and more. Tickets are £10 advance, available from Shakespeares - contact info@shakespeares-sheffield.co.uk or call 0114 2755959 for tickets or more info. Doors: 8:30.

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SOUND.

FESTIVAL FATIGUE.
LUKE CAMPBELL.

Monday morning after Glastonbury Festival. The clarity of chaos is almost beautiful, biblical in scale. A city-like community, nine months in devoted build, unflinchingly and savagely decimated in one weekend. Razed to the ground. Scavengers plundering all manner of deranged and useless treasure, searching amidst jutting skeletons of abandoned tents in the hope of finding misplaced sanity or an all day breakfast in a tin. It is a vision made real by the frothing lunacy of acid eating, napalm breathing maniacs. A hellish poetry of horrors.

Glastonbury's absence in 2012 was indicative of a challenging year for the festival industry, with high profile cancellations, brutal weather, floods, The Olympics and Jubilee all contributing to predictions of a lower turnout. According to figures published in the YouGov Sixth Sense Music Festival Report, attendance for major music festivals in 2012 were to be considerably lower than in 2011, with less than a third of previous attendants surveyed planning on going to a music festival and 50% not attending any at all.

To blame the downturn on the overall economic climate would be an obvious explanation, but even though only 5% of those surveyed thought festivals represent value for money, 45% said that the recession had made no impact on the number of festivals they attend.

Many say the industry is cannibalising itself with too much choice diluting the returns. According to a study conducted by researchers at the Universities of Southampton, Bath and Birmingham, the number of British music festivals has increased by 71% since 2003.

Having had the good fortune to have worked behind the scenes at many of the UK's flagship events, it seems to me that organisers have lost sight of their target audiences. The major festivals have become corporate goliaths; too visibly commercial, formulaic and sanitised, to use the word loosely. Home comfort amenities and hideous 'glamping' accommodation options are just two examples of developments installed to appeal to a broader demographic. While some of these new punters are more likely to spend £9 on an ostrich burger, often they are part of a social consumer group who only attend out of curiosity or to be on trend. Yes, they'll pay an extra £100 so they don't have to set up their own tent, but they are not repeat business. This has led to a string of mainstream festivals being adapted to appeal to an audience who don't attend on a regular basis, with the core audience looking for a more authentic experience elsewhere.

Dr Andrew Bengry-Howell from the National Centre for Research Methods at the University of Southampton says: 'Lots of people drew comparisons between the sense of community they encountered at a music festival, and the lack of community they encountered in their everyday lives [...] People came to festivals partly for the music, but mostly for a whole experience, [...] The experience of spending time with people who share their interest in music and festivals.'

The experience of going feral, relinquishing yourself to a primal force and becoming one with fellow heathens, becomes uncomfortable when faced with regular upstanding citizens. The collective suspension of disbelief can be harder to maintain when shared with anyone so threateningly normal.

Developing a corporate business mentality has granted satisfying returns in the short term, but it will be damaging to the longevity of an industry established on hedonistic outcasts and misfits. To thrive again it needs to take inspiration from the independent success stories of recent years; whether it be the extravagance and exclusivity of Secret Garden Party, the carnival atmosphere of Camp Bestival or the quirky rural appeal of Kendal Calling. These events have so far stayed true to what made them popular, developing a strong sense of identity and community whilst championing new music. If the festival industry is to survive it needs to distance itself from the obsession with broad appeal and universal acceptance, and focus on the personality of its events. It needs to go back to basics and remember the marauding lunacy, the frothing maniacs, the deranged scavengers. It needs to recapture what it stood for in the first place – coming together and being free from the restrictions and obligations of real life. Because festivals should not be a reflection of society, but an escape from it.

EMANUEL AND THE FEAR.

23RD OCTOBER.
RIVERSIDE.

REVIEWER – THOMAS LEBIODA.

It's a race that you can't win. When the days of adolescence are counted, childhood memories, wishes and fears start to claim you back. Feeding the textbooks of many young poets and songwriters, dispatching the material the student heart craves for; frames of reference for young middle-class souls inquisitive for a surety of style, a political standpoint and intellectual enlightenment.

Bursting the banks of The Riverside, a staggeringly large group of students from both Sheffield's unis were engrossed in their poetry slam, paying tribute to young non-heroes of mutual age.

"I'm not prepared for this prologue," I thought to myself as I was listening to a selection of sexually charged rhyming monologues, some of which I found very enjoyable. It has to be said that Mark Grist's cameo appearance made it for me. A showman, a poet, one of theirs – a hero. And then most of them left! "Hey guys, this upcoming band has something to say," I thought to myself as they drained off.

Boom – a very low frequency kicked me in the back. Bearded Manchester-based loop experimentalist Denis Jones had set up his obscure pile of sound-twisting gear opposite the stage, captivating from the first second he delivered a memorable sculpture of an opening performance. Unlike the many loop-based performances I've seen, Denis Jones balances the tightrope of doing something unheard. Battering his guitar from all angles, building up his loops in just a few bars, he somehow manages to play us songs with verses, choruses bridges and harmony changes. It'll probably remain a secret to me how he does that with tonal loops never interrupting the bow of energy throughout his intricately crafted quilts of sound. My experience ultimately turned into a buzz when he started using his acoustic guitar as just a guitar and meandered into the realms of blues and anti-folk tunes.

Meanwhile, the actual stage on the opposite wall became densely populated with the lucid six-piece of Emanuel and The Fear. Their show kicked off just seconds after Jones' girations had come to a stillstand. A ravenous and hiatusless 20-minute block of songs from their latest album **The Janus Mirror** dashed at the audience. Huge rock riffage framed by orchestral string eruptions and Emanuel Ayvas' erratic singing flooded the room. Ayvas' lyrics – still peppered with social criticism and drama – come across as more mind-tickling than ever. The stunning musicianship of the individual players is one of the most evident attributes of this grand New York ensemble, but the much rockier bias seems to fundamentally weld the elements together.

The band has come a long way. Endless tours and the release of four records in less than half a decade have formed a unique and unspoilt musical niche. Emanuel and the Fear are certainly bound for the bigger stages, and having enjoyed one of this year's best shows in my local leaves me a happy man.

TAME IMPALA.

2ND NOVEMBER.
LEADMILL.

REVIEWER – ROB ALDAM.

A sold-out main room of the Leadmill bears testimony to the current popularity of Australia's Tame Impala. With the release of their new album, **Lonerism**, they seem to have finally made their mark in the UK, not just following in the tail lights of fellow Perth residents Wolfmother, but overtaking and scouting new paths.

Young Dreams open up this evening, and the Norwegian band make quite an impression. They have a sound which is reminiscent of many other bands. At times they plough a similar furrow to Vampire Weekend, but their vocal harmonies bring to mind The Beach Boys or Fleet Foxes. Their music is a mix of sunny pop melodies alongside more thoughtful refrains. I'd imagine that this tour is a very important one for them, but they seem so relaxed and laid back on stage. With songs like 'Young Dreams' and 'Fog of War', they are right to have confidence in their own ability.

There's an excited air of anticipation in the packed crowd as Tame Impala emerge on stage. They waste no time, breaking straight into the acid trip of 'Be Above It'. As the crowd are gradually drawn in to their mind-warping miasma of hypnotic rhythms, they run through an accomplished set incorporating most of their new album, alongside a few appetising morsels from their debut, **Innerspeaker**. The audience is blown out of their reverie by the unstoppable beat of 'Elephant', before it subsides into almost trance-like perfection, ending with an impromptu jazz breakdown. Indeed, what characterises their set is the way they are prepared to play and tease out every song, giving the audience something much more than a mere album playback.

The smoke intertwines with the psychedelic layered textures of their sound, moodily lit and beautifully engineered. It would be easy to compare Tame Impala to bands from the late 60s and early 70s, where their music is clearly derived from, but that would be doing them a huge injustice. Sure, their starting point may be here, but they take those influences, imbibe them, and turn out something fresh and vibrant. Whist their latest album is superior in the whole, the songs that stand-out for me tonight are 'Solitude is Bliss' and 'Desire Be Desire Go' from Innerspeaker.

They finish on an encore of 'Half Full Glass of Wine', which must at least approach the ten-minute mark. Long after they've jammed-out their final kaleidoscopic riffs, you can still feel them eddying slowly into the cold November night.

FERAL BROOD.

9TH NOVEMBER.
SHAKESPEARES.

REVIEWER – ALAN BYATT.

Rising from the ashes of Elephant Keys come Sheffield-based five-piece Feral Brood, playing their own form of shivering 60s garage rock, visceral blues, and raw rock 'n' roll at Kelham Island's Shakespeares in support of their newly released debut EP **Into The Woods**.

Opening the show are Doncaster band Slow Pines, who take inspiration for their melodramatic yet sprightly indie rock from the likes of Pavement and Guided By Voices. In a set that is all too short they twist and turn through heartfelt melodic moments to jagged and erratic jolts of disorder.

The tight rhythm section is held down by Russ Frisby and drummer Eric Miller, who sound as if they could puncture your chest with an overwhelming sense of release, laying the foundations for keys player Tom Goodwin's boogie-woogie and jazz stylings. Meanwhile Phil Goodwin and Dan Williamson's vocals work together seamlessly with sharp melodies that complement one another, giving a warmth and texture to wrap the raucous, blood-curdling riffs within.

Feral Brood play to a function room in which the heat is almost unbearable, and yet this only adds to the intimacy. They crash in with the thunderous, Jack White summoning blues of 'Machine', boasting a roaming psychedelic organ and a main riff that could get its hooks into even the least receptive of listeners. 'Out Of Sight' calls to mind 60s psychedelic garage rock by the likes of The Sonics and The Fuzztones with guitar lines that challenge those of Neil Young. The jangling melody driven 'You Are The Sea' and 'Cold' show Goodwin and Williamson's entwined harmonies evoking The Byrds with a jaunty yet solid rhythm section.

Watching Feral Brood release their blistering rhythm and blues infused rock – even more furious as a live experience – you get the sense that the band are having the time of their lives, and this is reflected in the audience. Throughout the night they move from heavy distorted blues, matching the likes of The Black Keys, to the tight songwriting sensibilities and undeniable Englishness of The Kinks.

For a group that has a million fairgrounds playing inside their heads, they hide it well in the form of catchy, primal rock 'n' roll, leaving the audience with the feeling that they've endured an evening of electroshock treatment; stimulated, thrilled and shaken.

LISTINGS.

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So, December 2012. It's finally here, it's finally arrived, it's finally graced our shores and you know what that means. Nope, not Finland's Independence Day celebrations, and not 23 years of The Simpsons either. For many (and by many, I mean very few), December 2012 is the end as we know it. And if it really is the end, which hopefully it is not, one thing's for certain; that clever bunch of forward-thinking enigmas that make up Sheffield's events and promotions scene can give themselves a big collective pat on the back. We're going out with a bang baby!

JOOLS HOLLAND AND HIS RHYTHM & BLUES ORCHESTRA.

6th December / City Hall / £34.50 adv.

The legendary pianist and musical champion of all varieties is bringing the full package to City Hall this Christmas. Even Roland Gift from Fine Young Cannibals fame is set to make an appearance.

DRUMRO[LL].

7th December / Fez Club / £10-12 adv.

More big bookings from the Drumro[ll] collective, this time showcasing the finest of the Aus Music label. Will Saul, Bicep and Cottam will be tantalising 4/4 lovers all night long alongside residents Sixfootsick and Up & Atom.

JIVE JUICE.

8th December / Club Dada / Free entry.

The exotic combination of jive and juice never felt so good. Surf, ska, rock 'n' roll, soul, rhythm 'n' blues, boogaloo and exotic jazz played down at Dada.

COOL BEANS XMAS BASH.

14th December / Penelopes / £4 adv.

More shameless self-promotion from the very writer of this column. Beach party madness with live sets from Jeramiah Ferrari, Smiling Ivy and the greatest band that no-one has ever heard of – Cliff Rescue & The Helicopters.

!BIRTHDAY!

20th December / Frog & Parrot / Free.

Furthermore proving that this city's fine promoters really do cater to everyone, a night dedicated to Japanese and Korean rock, pop and hip-hop has appeared on Division Street. Free treats and tweets galore.

THE ACTUAL END OF THE WORLD PARTY.

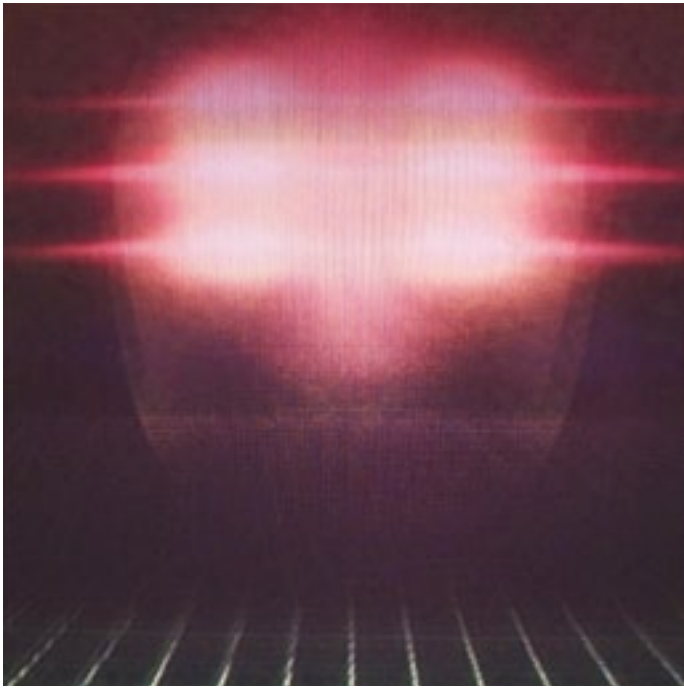
21st December / Plug / £8 adv.

It's the eagerly anticipated return of the legendary Bison. If you're going to be blown into smithereens you might as well go out to the happiest sounds around. Support comes from Drymbago, K.O.G. & The Allstar Revolution, DJ Chiv and DJ Bollocks.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

31st December / Everywhere.

As always, the final night of the year will be host to a whole variety of parties catering to all tastes and flavours. As long as you surround yourself with your friends, family, loved ones and pets and think about the good times you can't go wrong. Be thankful for all the mince pies you've consumed and hug someone who looks sad and you'll be on to a winner.



GALLOPS.

**YOURS SINCERELY, DR. HARDCORE.
BLOOD AND BISCUITS.**

REVIEWER – FRED OXBY.

For many, it has been long wait for Gallops' first full-length studio album. In fact, it's quite surprising for a group who have been in the public eye for so long, having already played major festivals throughout the UK for a good couple of years and also been thoroughly ballyhooed by the likes of the BBC. Although not much of the material on the album is new, it's fair to say that a full release from Gallops has been highly anticipated. So what have the Welsh quartet served up for us?

Yours Sincerely, Dr Hardcore comes in the form of ten tracks, some of which will already be known to Gallops fans. Opener 'Astaroth' starts well, enticing you in with a great synth line straight out of Blade Runner and some chirps and bleeps for good measure. Highlights for me include the jerky but groovy 'Window FX' and the frenetic 'Hongliday', which gathers pace and drive amidst the relentless percussion and riffage before dropping into a frankly epic piece of hard rock. Harmonically, Gallops walk a fine line between bleak 80s synth work and classic rock noodling. Dare I say it, but some of the licks, were they not in unconventional time signatures (almost a given on this record), are reminiscent of Iron Maiden and the like. I don't have a problem with this as such, but after a while I must confess to finding it all a bit grating.

Afrobeat has clearly not been lost on these guys either, with some of the rhythms plucked straight out of the Fela Kuti repertoire, like on 'Skyworth', which also features the trademark harmonised arpeggios framing the music. Gallops are clinical in their precision, driving the music forward with impressively crisp grooves and overdriven instruments.

Musically, this album is immersive and satisfying. Drummer Dave Morait deserves credit for the way he plays, maintaining driving, dynamic rhythms throughout this record. It's very technical but also reserved and precise, never feeling flashy. The overall cocktail, however, lacks real depth beyond the adept musicianship. I do like the melodic aspect of the band, but despite its "experimental" headline, I find Gallops surprisingly bland. On the one hand, we have the obvious technical ability of the group, reigned in so as to not overcomplicate the music, but on the other we have music that lacks the spark that Gallops obviously have the potential to harness.

It won't distract me from other records for very long, but Yours Sincerely, Dr Hardcore is definitely worth a listen, and I don't believe this is the last of we'll hear of Gallops.



LOOPS HAUNT.

**ZENITH.
BLACK ACRE.**

REVIEWER – NICK DEL'NERO.

Before playing anything by the sonic deviant and electronica master Loops Haunt, it's crucial to follow two strict imperatives: listen loud, listen carefully.

His new 7-track EP **Zenith** is quite a strange number and presents a significant stylistic shift from his previous releases. **Impact Omnihammer** and **Rubber Sun Grenade**, both cut in 2010, are inventive but clearly rooted in the dubstep scene, while the 2011 release **Ark** had a much more experimental edge that was deeply aggressive. **Zenith** is different.

A blend of avant-garde weirdness and ferociously gorgeous textural electronica, it almost plays like the product of a 21st century Igor Stravinsky. 'Fathom', 'dltfaypily' and 'Hike' are constructed from twisted synthetic chord patterns that seem to pay a weird homage to impressionistic harmonic movements from the early 1920s. These are entwined with strange timbres and scattered percussive patterns to create vivid experimental landscapes. Although technically impressive and deeply atmospheric, these tracks lack any cohesive drive and development in the conventional sense and might alienate listeners looking for an easier ride.

But the title track delivers where the avant-garde material fails. Clearly the centerpiece of the release, 'Zenith' works a set of skillfully arranged synths and instruments over the top of some slick percussive groundwork. Characterised by waves of extreme vibrato, the track has the feel of a retro science fiction score; in no way a detrimental statement, because it sounds like a beautiful score. It's an expertly produced and perfectly stylized electronic track that showcases some extreme compositional skill and innovation within the genre.

Finally, the EP contains one more absolute gem – sixth track 'Heal' is excellent. Built around a broken rhythmic pattern with a lethal killer swing, it is a roaring sea of gorgeous sounds and warped audio synthesis. Imagine Boards of Canada and Vaetxh have exchanged sonic genomes and you'll get an idea of the sound. 'Heal' is the best track out of an excellent bunch.

Overall, Loops Haunt has produced a truly inventive release with a beautiful aesthetic. His production skills are seriously some of the best in the genre and if you persevere with the more abstract moments and embrace the weirdness you'll be rewarded.



SPARE.

**SLACKING EP.
WELL ROUNDED RECORDS.**

REVIEWER – SASHA LEVY-ANDERSSON.

You could be forgiven for not having heard of Spare as the artist is relatively elusive beyond a hunt on Soundcloud, and this is his first release on Well Rounded Records. His new EP, **Slacking**, delivers a varied take on the current garage, breakbeat and dubstep tinged sounds pervading dance music. Spare is from Nottinghamshire, but the record label is based in Brighton and has delivered a pretty mixed bag itself, often putting out adventurous and experimental releases that are clearly influenced by house, techno and garage, but that are refreshingly original in a music scene that can at times be formulaic and unimaginative.

This release certainly sticks to this ethos, featuring five tracks with highly distinctive flavours, to the extent that they could all happily be categorised in different sub-genres. The first track, 'Slacking', builds a mood reminiscent of a dubstep track, but a little less defined. It has a muffled, thunderous beat and a creepy synth accompaniment. It doesn't go anywhere too quickly, as the name suggests, but it is an innovative take on the dubstep template which creates something much less definable. 'This Weekend' again holds true to its name. It has a really strong two-step garage beat that breaks down into a heavy four-four section, carrying a garage feel with modern production values. This one is definitely a track to work the dance floors.

'Makin' Em Seen' brings a bit of a surprise – a much more techy track with a hard, complex electro beat. The rhythm is relentless and overlaid with a driving vocal sample, setting it apart from the other tracks on this release. 'Kankle' is another great garage track. With a shuffled feel and a massive bass line, it's well put together and provides yet more dance floor ammunition. 'Spare Room Offense' has a really strong beat, displaying cut up breaks and synth stabs reminiscent of an old school hardcore track, but overall the production lacks the cohesion found elsewhere on this EP, and it definitely isn't my favourite. That said, it continues to experiment with genres and this is always welcome.

Dance music and, to a lesser extent, music in general does well either to create definition or to entirely escape definition through its innovation. This release does the latter and provides a welcome challenge to those wishing to pigeonhole it. Spare should be applauded for not sticking to one genre, giving an innovative mixture of styles while also providing some really fresh, danceable beats. I hope to hear more from this artist in the near future.



UMBERTO.

**NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND SCREAMS.
ROCK ACTION.**

REVIEWER - PAUL ROBSON.

"This year at the Glasgow Film Festival Umberto did a performance along to the film pieces...we met after the show and asked if he had any plans to release that music," says Stuart Braithwaite of Mogwai, and it is fortunate for us that he asked. Electronic music is too often labelled as being cold, mechanical and robotic, but not the work of Umberto. Multi-instrumentalist Matt Hills manages to create minimal compositions that crackle with emotion. Since 2009 he has released the albums **From The Grave** and **Prophecy Of The Black Widow**, highlighting an affection for the film soundtracks of John Carpenter, John Williams and Vangelis. Umberto's latest release continues in a similar vein, but he still manages to infuse his music with a sense of vitality and intensity.

Night Has A Thousand Screams is based around the 1983 thriller **Pieces**, which is about a killer who steals the body parts of female students after he has murdered them. This may well be a grotesque concept for an album, but Umberto has been able to combine moments of dread with sections of haunting beauty.

Opening track 'Boston, 1942' at first shimmers with soft tones before being ripped apart by a sequence of harsh drones and buzzes. This simple technique immediately lends the music a sense of anxiety. 'Opening Titles' and 'The Investigation' are also heightened by the introduction of a strong percussive beat and gentle vocal noises. The method of combining soft and hard sounds is what gives the record a sinister and menacing quality. While it loses some consistency towards the end, particularly on 'Paralysed', this doesn't detract from the rest of album.

Earlier this year the band Chromatics released the record Kill For Love, which can also be seen as somewhat of a homage to 1980s film soundtracks. But where **Kill For Love** is vast and sprawling, Night Has A Thousand Screams is tight and compact. Because Umberto has stayed close to the film's narrative he has given the music an emotional arch which is more palatable for the listener. With the overriding use of 70s and 80s synths, some may accuse Umberto of being a throwback, but he is far from it. Music composed with such fondness and attention to detail should be congratulated.

JASON SINGH.

THE SINGH THING.
INTERVIEW BY IAN PENNINGTON.

“I never, ever had the ambition to be a musician,” insists Jason Singh, who now finds himself in the enviable position of being able to handpick the musical projects he follows – from touring India with a mouth harpist named Rais Khan to a new band named Open Souls with Polar Bear drummer Seb Rochford, via other collaborations with jazz saxophonist Shabaka Hutchings and with Soumik Datta, a sarod player based in London.

It all began with a simple desire to play music for its own sake, growing up near London’s Brick Lane during the 1980s. “I’ve always had an extreme passion for rhythm and sound – it’s usually been beats, then sound and patterns within sound – that’s from an early age, two or three years old. Then later on, the kids I grew up with – everybody beatboxed, but nobody said it was beatboxing. We just all made sounds.”

It isn’t a skill that many have pursued and developed with the same dedication as Singh, so it’s no wonder that he’s in demand. His is a rare ability; fine-tuned to vocalise from the most delicate of pin-drop sounds to seemingly uncontrolled, foundation-rumbling basslines. Only seemingly, because he aims to remain in control for the majority of his performances. “Ninety per cent of my practice is without technology. I’ve seen so many beatboxers who’re set to fail because their set is based around technology.” Singh labels himself a beatboxer and vocal sculptor. Neither are truly satisfactory descriptions, but they do succeed in illustrating the vast distance between musical styles he has covered during his time recording and performing music.

At one end of the spectrum there is Singh’s solo beatboxing, which began in earnest as filler between performers at a night called Spellbound at Band On The Wall in Manchester. He’d moved to Stretford in 1993 and a few years later was playing percussion with a band named Nashini, taking the mic during intervals to perform snappy skits.

But the breakthrough moment arose from journalism and teaching work, specifically during a trip to Australia where he performed an impromptu gig with Nitin Sawhney, whom he’d met in another capacity as a fledgling journalist for publications such as City Life. “I would do interviews with Nitin, but he never really knew me as a musician. So when he heard me beatboxing at this workshop we did in Australia, he was like ‘Oh I didn’t know you were a muso!’ I was doing turntable cuts then I dropped some beats and he asked if I wanted to do a gig, so it sort of escalated from there.”

Singh’s most impassioned replies involve his roles as pedagogue for the next generation. From DJing and beatboxing workshops at the Contact Theatre around the turn of the millennium to a workshop set to realign “what jazz is and what people perceive it to be” at last month’s London Jazz Festival, Singh’s core motivation is to pass on the fruits of his varied explorations. “There’s been no plan or strategy behind any of this,” he reminds me. “But the education side is paramount to what I do because for me experience is pointless just to hold onto and only share through performance.

“I did a three day workshop in India a couple of years ago, working with two young lads who were interested in learning beatboxing techniques. They’ve gone onto set up a group called Boxy Turvy, performed on MTV, done stuff with Shlomo. I think they’re part of his Vocal Orchestra now.

“And this is the thing – you don’t know where this stuff goes. You can inspire someone at a gig or when they buy your music, but when you inspire somebody through education it’s a completely different thing because so many kids are told they can’t do that or they shouldn’t do that or play your fucking Xbox, as opposed to doing something a bit more creative.”

Therein lies the distinction Jason tries to make between the ambition to be a musician and instead making music as part of an exploration of the world around him. London’s Victoria and Albert Museum picked up on this after he applied to their Supersonic residency programme. “That was an amazing opportunity. A lot of my work through education had finished, so I applied and you had to propose a project, so I said well I’m really interested in vessels, my body as a vessel, architecture and sound and how sound is manipulated within these vessels, and that I was going to explore these relationships through the Middle Eastern collection and that I’m inspired a lot by Islamic and Sufi poetry. It was just tick, tick, tick for everything. They were like, ‘That’s brilliant! What do you want to do and how would you do it?’”

Other projects gained coverage on BBC4 documentary Imagine last year, which looked at The Lost Music of Rajasthan. One of the featured music organisations had established a seven-year project bringing together musicians in Rajasthan, with which Singh was involved. The filming period at the end of Rajasthan International Folk Festival marked the tail-end of those seven years, at which time Singh had just begun to make music with mouth harpist Rais Khan, their debut show being screened on the programme to illustrate the synchronicity of styles old and new. “We did this 20 minute slot and people went bonkers. They’d never heard the instrument in that context. So we’re doing drum and bass and crazy dubstep lines – all with this little metal harp.”

Singh’s work with cinema shies away from that extreme and towards tranquillity, again highlighting the breadth of his musical spectrum. He may bemoan his prior luck with film score projects – many fizzled out before completion – but recently that luck has changed. “I’ve always had desires to make a vocal, beatboxing score to a film. I’ve picked films but it’s always turned out that it’s never happened.”

A live set drawing on the Private Paradise exhibition at Whitworth Art Gallery in August 2011 displayed in full the potential multisensory appeal of his compositions. Soon after, Singh soundtracked a Quay Brothers film, Street Of Crocodiles, with violinist Olivia Moore as part of a Now Then show and he will take on a different short this year at Trof Fallowfield as part of Manchester’s Shebeen Festival.

But his biggest film work came through The Cornerhouse’s Micro Commissions scheme. Following tentative work on a BFI project in 2010 that was shelved, the BFI suggested he score a film they’d been planning to re-issue named Drifters, a 1929 John Grierson silent documentary about the impact of technology on the fishing industry. Ever the teacher, even Singh was taken by surprise with how revered the film is. “When I performed it at the Cornerhouse, all these film students turned up and asked me all about John Grierson – and I shit myself! I never went into it researching John Grierson. It was solely about the footage because I get freaked out by hype, so I try to focus just on the material I’m working with, regardless of its history or its previous interpretations. It’s like: there’s the work, that’s what I’m gonna do. This guy at the end was like, ‘I worked with John Grierson... and he would’ve loved this.’ It was mad; absolutely insane.”

[thesinghthing.com](#)



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FILMREEL.

BOOK ADAPTATIONS / ON THE ROAD.

SEEMS TO COME FROM A BOOK.

JOÃO PAULO SIMÕES.

Literary adaptations to the screen occur for all sorts of reasons. Whilst some come from a personal attachment a filmmaker with integrity may have to a particular book, the vast majority are elicited by indiscriminately cashing in on the popularity of whatever printed prose is out there. This form of cultural cannibalism has accompanied Cinema since its incipience and is invariably an act of reaching out to an audience which may want to see a novel they cherish “brought to life”. This is quite an assumption, which in turn leads to a fundamental contradiction.

The relationship one establishes with a book is more than private. It’s an internal rapport lasting for the length of the read and beyond, simply because it’s our own voice we hear when we’re reading – and because what the paragraphs, chapters and pages then formulate is immediately transfused into our perception of life. As readers, we make our own film, regardless of the novel at hand having already been adapted countless times. A film coming from a literary source is always filtered through somebody else’s sensitivity.

Yet, book adaptations to the screen are not entirely pointless exercises. They can lead to a renewed surge of interest in what would otherwise remain an obscure or overlooked novel – probably the best consequence I can think of. They can also, still on a positive note, re-invigorate a classic, by giving it an original treatment and approaching its core message in a manner that becomes relevant to our times.

But the perspective I’m most interested in is that of the filmmaking process itself. To address it comprehensively, I would at least require this entire issue of Now Then, so instead I will punctuate my very narrow experience in adapting published fiction with a few examples of success and failure in that regard.

My Film Studies final year dissertation was on book adaptations – unfilmable books, to be more precise, or books that had been considered unfilmable, due to content or form, but which made some remarkable and controversial films in the right hands.

William Burroughs’s **Naked Lunch** and its subsequent adaptation by David Cronenberg in 1991 were prominent, but so was **A Clockwork Orange**, transposed from the Anthony Burgess’s novel by Stanley Kubrick 20 years earlier, along with JG Ballard’s **Crash**, again made tangible by Cronenberg in 1996.

Preceding it all was an assignment to adapt a short story. Always keen not to make it easy for myself, I picked a self-contained section of Vladimir Nabokov’s **Lolita**, which had been excluded from both big screen adaptations: Kubrick’s brilliantly restrained 1962 version (with a script by the author himself) and Adrian Lyne’s softcore, literal but arguably more faithful 1997 attempt.

Once given the green light, I immersed myself in a part of the story that is very much about Lolita’s absence and found great pleasure in structuring a script around Nabokov’s superb prose. It spoke very clearly to me. Of course, description was easily copied and pasted into the setting of a scene,

but it was also smoothly converted into atmosphere with psychological depth made visual.

This was the first of only three literary adaptations I made in twelve years, none of which has been “fortunate enough” to reach the production stage. Still, the process was a tremendous exercise of discipline which vaguely coincided with getting acquainted with another script that was never made into a film.

Harold Pinter’s 1973 adaptation of all the volumes from Marcel Proust’s **A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu** into a 166-page screenplay for director Joseph Losey is the best film never made. I sought after it like a ravenous wild dog, at the time even requesting Waterstones to order one of the few Faber and Faber copies in print from out of town.

Reading it was like a blood transfusion. Suddenly, it was there, written a few years before I was born; a distillation of the essence of the book into film language. Pinter understood that Cinema is the utterly perfect vehicle to express conscience and memory and that it should do so in its own terms, distinguishing it from a novel.

Like everything Pinter adapted, the Proust screenplay displays a highly pertinent economy of description and dialogue. It is far more incisive than other subsequent Proustian adaptations that saw the light of day, from Volker Schlöndorff’s sullen Swann in Love (1984) to Raul Ruiz’s lavish Le Temps Retrouvé (1999).

It is a copy of the Proust volume Swann’s Way that the character Dean Moriarty clutches in various scenes of the big screen adaptation of yet another influential literary work. **On The Road**, from Jack Kerouac’s generation-defining book, had been in development hell for decades. Well, that’s where it should’ve remained, because “paradise” starts and ends on the central character’s surname. A film which had so much going for it self-combusts even before the end of the first reel.

Read Alex Murray’s more in-depth review alongside this piece, but I would like to highlight two key aspects that condemn this adaptation: the poorly developed connections between the characters, which never reach any level of believable intensity, be it intellectual, emotional or sexual; and the truncation of the more explicit content for the Anglo-Saxon audience, which could at least explain one aspect of the previous point. I spent the entire screening thinking: “How can you rush through that one!?” Or: “That’s good. Don’t cut away yet... Damn, too late.”

There’s a difference between narrative/visual economy and lack of confidence in your own material, or in the audience’s ability to stay with characters in a scene. This goes beyond adaptation, but On The Road is certainly guilty of the latter. It fails to convey what a creative mind taking in a world in motion looks like – something that not even the right sound of a voiceover narration can rescue.

capturafilmes.blogspot.co.uk

ON THE ROAD.

DIRECTOR – WALTER SALLES.

REVIEWER – ALEX MURRAY.

On The Road charts Jack Kerouac’s journey from buttoned-up Catholic with writer’s block to prolific proto gonzo. It’s the story of a road trip with Dionysian Dean Moriarty through the subcultural America he made visible. Sadly, in the 55 years since publication, Kerouac’s vivacious message has become trite, spawning a cult(ure) of youth that fabricates its own authenticity. Much mainstream culture we despair of today has its origins in Kerouac’s beat aesthetic: the elusive “it” he pursues has ultimately spawned X Factor, and his treatment of women as emotional gas stations – places to fill up on esteem and leave before paying – sets the modern ground rules for beta male misogyny.

Walter Salles’ 15-rated film could never hope to enact such an X-rated story, with Jose Rivera’s adaptation plumbing for “pretty” over “gritty”. Kerouac stand-in Sal Paradise is played by Sam Riley, who has become known for flawless mimicry, his Ian Curtis in **Control** (2007) a sign of an empty hologram-like presence.

The film’s sepia tones conceal a shadowy cycle of abuse. Sal uses Dean for inspiration, Dean uses Marylou (Kristen Stewart) and Camille (Kirsten Dunst) for kicks, and black culture is plundered for its exotic otherness. Marylou and Camille are ciphers for the beats’ disavowed destiny – children and the responsibility they bestow – and yet both manage more emotional depth than the unlikeable triumvirate of Sal, Dean and Carlo combined.

The book is conceived as the film ends. It’s a manifesto for a new way of living, an autobiography acting as a future map of America. Sal’s breathless narrative, typed faster than he can think on an endless roll of paper, attempts to express a less mediated and thus more complete account of events. Dean’s prop in the film is a worn copy of Swann’s Way, the first volume of Proust’s **A La Recherche Du Temps Perdu**, which promised a real-time map of the author’s life. Yet as Borges pointed out, a perfectly accurate map would have a 1:1 scale, as big as the territory it portrays. Instead of absolute truth, Kerouac has to make do with photovoltaic prose that jumps between the journey’s strobes of insight, while Salles’ film makes a further reduction down to a sequence of flat, fake period postcards of profound meaninglessness.

Rivera’s overdue adaptation has come too late and truncates an American creation myth into a facile exercise in style. This is On The Road, the Instagram Redux: beautifully inauthentic and perfectly passionless.





THE ALTERNATIVE STORE

THE ALTERNATIVE STORE.
FORUM SHOPS.
127-129 DEVONSHIRE STREET.
FORUMSHEFFIELD.CO.UK

Having enjoyed 20 years as Fuse – the longest standing member of the Forum family – 2013 will see the ‘coming of age’ of this ever evolving repository of genuinely individual clothes, footwear and accessories.

The word ‘alternative’ gets banded around far too often in a world where personal identity is so highly valued that it perverts into a uniform individuality (see Nathan Barley – still years ahead of its time). The notion of ‘alternative culture’ has resulted in so many sub sets, all with their ‘individual’ traits which serve not to define them as unique, but rather to clump together people with the same look.

This is one of the reasons we think the new name for this place is so very apt for the ethos it carries. The Alternative store, whilst stocking some fairly major international brands, seeks to encourage a style of one’s own. Their lines are carefully selected based on quality and originality, with owner Stuart having honed his aesthetic eye throughout his now veteran incumbency and across countless trends and styles that have transcended the standard subculture norms.

Having seen trends change so often, Stu and his team have got the knack of setting trends rather than blithely following the next one. One way they’re currently doing this is to recruit the next generation of independent designers at a grassroots level, with new brands such as XCVB, Who? and Hype, as well as the well established brands with a skate edge such as Dickies, Crooks & Castles and The Hundreds to name but a few.

The Alt team are set to take full advantage of their boutique store in the prime location of Division Street, just outside their Forum cave. It will play host to the more premium-end streetwear lines and will represent the next chapter in their illustrious history, as well as being one of the last bastions of independence in this individual part of town.

To get the full skinny on the grand unveiling, and to meet the people behind it, sidle in to the Forum and chat to them in the flesh. They’re a truly lovely bunch who really know their onions.



SHEFFIELD JAZZ.
SHEFFIELDJAZZ.ORG.UK

in 1974 by enthusiastic local musicians with a grant from Yorkshire Arts. Since incorporating as a registered charity, Sheffield Jazz has gone from strength to strength, hosting intimate events at the Millennium Hall on Ecclesall Road and other venues roughly every two weeks. Its aim is simple: to bring the best national and international jazz musicians to Sheffield, from well established behemoths to up-and-coming fledgling acts.

As noted elsewhere in this magazine, and in fact in previous issues of Now Then, jazz can sometimes be overlooked by audiences due to a perception that it is snooty, intellectual or somehow not for them, but Sheffield Jazz is proving them wrong left, right and centre, with bookings that cover a lot of ground, appealing to a wide range of age groups and catering to almost all tastes.

Last month, BBC Radio 3 recorded a performance by the Django Bates Trio hosted by Sheffield Jazz at The Crucible in collaboration with Music in the Round. They’ve got a jam packed schedule for 2013 which we can’t reveal in its entirety here, but we would recommend you go along to see Empirical, 2010 MOBO award winners for Best Jazz Act; Get The Blessing, made up of the drummer and bassist from Portishead plus trumpet and sax; and award-winning trio Troyka, an inventive free jazz group incorporating rock and electronica. Virtuoso pianist Alex Hutton and his trio, whose latest album Legentis was reviewed in Now Then #54, will also play a homecoming gig on 10th May. Sheffield Jazz are also taking over the jazz nights at the Lescar from the beginning of 2013, so expect a programme that is complementary to their main bookings.

Sheffield Jazz also runs workshops for musicians of any level who want to work on their improv skills. The sessions are laid-back, friendly and run by experienced local players at King Edward’s School on Saturday mornings during term time. Take a look at their website for more details, or to find out about their 2013 calendar as soon as it goes live.

FAVOURITES.

OUR PICK OF THE BUNCH.

HARLEY LIVE.
HARLEYLIVE.CO.UK

Kate Hewett, promoter for Harley Live events, was recently named runner-up Indie Promoter Of The Year at the Live Music Business Awards, but given the calibre of artists that have been passing through the doors of The Harley and Queens Social Club over the last year, we think she should’ve won hands down.

After a jam-packed November, with appearances from Ugly Duckling, DJ Vadim, Foals and The Raveonettes, this month sees headline shows from top local bands – Rolo Tomassi (10th / Harley / £5 adv / Support: Kappa Gamma, Blood Sport), Slow Club (16th / Queens Social Club / £10 adv / Support: Babe, Voluntary Butler Scheme) and Wet Nuns (18th / Harley / £3 adv / Support: Dry Heaves, And The Hangnails). Check their website or search ‘Harley Live’ on Facebook for more details.

LYNWOOD GARDENS.
BROOMHALL.

Lynwood Gardens is a community space located in Broomhall, behind The Francis Newton pub (formerly Aunt Sally’s) on Clarkehouse Road, just round the corner from the Royal Hallamshire Hospital. Tucked away as it is behind the pub car park, it is easy to miss. It used to be the garden of the main building, owned by a wealthy master cutler called – you guessed it – Francis Newton.

The gardens have remained virtually untouched since the late 1800s, and these days are managed by the Friends of Lynwood Gardens, a charity set up by members of the community who wanted to protect this unique site. It occasionally hosts events, like the annual Beltane Fire Festival at the end of April, so keep your eyes peeled and get yourself down there.

FOLLOW YOUR DREAMS TATTOO.

FORUM SHOPS.
FORUMSHEFFIELD.CO.UK

Continuing the theme of revamping in this arcade of treasures, Tacho and his team have recently moved down the hall into premises far more befitting to such a mega stable of talent.

Joining Tacho in his new, much larger studio are Rich and Caroline, both well established artists with their own distinct styles of inking. All three of these guys are also incredible painters, with Tacho in particular capable of doing things with watercolours the likes of which we’ve never seen before.

As with all visual mediums, the best thing for you to do is see for yourself. You can check out their work on Instagram – lazerbeamuk, tachotattoo and carolinefyd – then choose your style and pop along for the late night opening on the 30th of this month for a sweet 20% off all flash pieces.

SHARROW VALE ROAD.
SHARROWVALE.CO.UK

Regular readers will have to forgive us here. Ever since the amazing Seven Hills bakery arrived, Sharrow Vale Road really has the complete set of independent alternatives to the Tesco down the road and, more recently, the Sainsbury’s around the corner.

So what’s new? Well, other than the news that the delightful Thelma’s cafe has had its first birthday and won an Eat Sheffield award (well done ladies!), the reason for this piece is to inform you lovely discerning shoppers that you can now shop after work until 7pm every Thursday throughout December. Oh, and the famous Roney’s is back in black. Thank god.

THELMAS & HOMEMADE.
345 SHARROW VALE ROAD & 4 NETHER EDGE ROAD.

We’re obviously dead lucky with the range of cracking cafes we are spoilt with in and around Sheffield. We’re here to tell you why we think two in particular are our favourites, hands down.

We reckon it’s fair to say – consciously or otherwise – that we grade a cafe-come-bistro in three ways; quality of food and drink, quality of atmosphere and service, and value for money. In our fairly extensive joint experience of pretty much all of the places that fall into this category in Sheffield, we reckon it’s reasonable to hope for two out of three of these criteria to be met in order to warrant a revisit. So when we stumbled upon Homemade for the first time what feels like ages ago, we had our socks knocked off to find all three boxes more than ticked, and have seen this wee place in Nether Edge gradually improve with each visit.

Enter Thelma’s on the excellent Sharrowvale Road. Having just celebrated their first birthday and also run by two lovely ladies, Thelma’s carries the same pride and passion in what they do as Justine and Trudy, with sisters May and Emily having decided to leave the grind and strike out alone with practically no experience of running a business, but with that most crucial ingredient of all; a genuine passion for good food and great hospitality.

So why the props to both places in one breath? Well, it is our pleasure to tell you that not only do these four ladies share the same work ethic, love of their trade and each pair run a top-notch eatery, but they’re also mates. You couldn’t make it up.

Pop in to either – or better still, both – for everything from gourmet



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9. SHAKESPEARES
10. CADS & DLS
11. RED DEER
12. THE WICK AT BOTH ENDS
13. FACT TOTEM
14. RARE AND RACY
15. FORUM / FORUM SHOPS / COMMON ROOM
16. THE ALTERNATIVE STORE
17. OLD HOUSE
18. BANG BANG
19. DEVONSHIRE CAT
20. CORPORATION
21. THE PLUG
22. BIRD'S YARD
23. THE RUTLAND ARMS
24. SHOWROOM CINEMA
25. THELMA'S CAFE
26. JH MANN FISHMONGERS
27. 2 STEPS FISHERIES
28. RONEYS BUTCHERS
29. SHARROW MARROW
30. PORTER BOOKS
31. REGATHER
32. ABBEYDALE BREWERY
33. THE BROADFIELD
34. THE OLD SWEET SHOP
35. HOMEMADE

